WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

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THE TSAR

WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

BY

ROBERT R. McCORMICK

MAJOR FIRST CAVALRY, ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARDS

WITH MAPS, CHARTS, AND 24 FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

THE GRAND DUKE NICOLAS NICOLAIEVITCH

OF RUSSIA

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL THE ARMIES

WHO, AS A SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP FOR AMERICA, INVITED ME TO VISIT THE TROOPS UNDER HIS COMMAND, AND WHO, AS A FURTHER SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP, PERMITTED ME TO SEE THE INSIDE OF THE RUSSIAN MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND FRONTIER FORTRESSES, SO THAT OUR COUNTRY MIGHT HAVE THE BENEFIT OF RUSSIA'S UNEQUALLED EXPERIENCE IN MILITARY AFFAIRS AND MIGHT BE ABLE TO ADOPT SUCH OF HER METHODS APPLICABLE TO OUR PARTICULAR CONDITIONS

INTRODUCTION

I HAD been so long at an office desk when the war broke over Europe that the idea of going into it never occurred to me.

I had been considered too young for the war of 1898. Parental objection had stopped my attempting to witness the war between Japan and Russia. I had been compelled to devote myself to business affairs for seven years to the exclusion of all wider interests. It was thus not due to any initiative of mine, but to the energy of my mother, who planned for me the experiences she had forbidden ten years before, that I received the following invitation:

THE PLAZA,
NEW YORK,
Tuesday.

DEAR MRS. MCCORMICK, —

I have just received the following telegram from Sazonoff: —

"Having preserved the best remembrances of the last Ambassador, Mr. McCormick, and wishing to give to the United States a new proof of his sympathy, the Grand Duke consents, as a unique exception, to admit your Mr. McCormick on the field of active fighting, but Mr. McCormick must arrive, not as a war correspondent, but as a distinguished foreigner personally known to the Grand Duke. This will give him an exceptionally prominent position, which is refused to others, and at the same time it will not prevent him from sending to America correspondences, which, of course, will have to pass through the censor."

I am delighted it has been settled that way, and I hope you are satisfied, too.

We expect to be back in Washington either the day after to-morrow, Thursday, or on Friday, and then I must have a talk with Mr. McCormick.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) G. Bakhmeteff.

In fact, it came as a distinct shock to me. Ten years had elapsed since I had taken any extended journey. Nearly that much time had passed since I had absented myself so much as a week from business occupation, and I was loath to undertake the discomforts of the one and the idleness of the other. But

most of all I wondered whether I retained the physical courage to go upon the battle-field.

I knew that physical courage was as much dependent upon training and practice as any other form of physical activity. For years I had had none of this training, but, on the other hand, had been steeped as fully as any other in the cult of cowardice which has been such a distinct feature of modern American intellectual thought.

However, the offer was one that could not be rejected, — the only stranger to be invited to the Russian armies. The duty of bringing to America the information which "was denied to others"; above all, to see from within the military organization of a country geographically so like ours and so eminent in military experience, was a call to patriotism that could not be refused.

On the day I sailed from New York, the 10th day of February, I received the following note from the Russian Ambassador:

The Plaza,
New York.

My dear Mr. McCormick, —

Here you are, — I hope they will prove useful.

Good luck, good health, good fun, — and use your good clear eye to see the truth and your pen to spread it.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) G. Bakhmeteff.

I arrived in Liverpool the 18th of February, the first day of the submarine blockade.

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WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

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CHAPTER I

With the British

On the steamer I met two ladies belonging to that class whose names are never omitted from the society columns of newspapers, and who were, of course, very strongly in sympathy with the Allies. They were frankly and unaffectedly ignorant of public opinion in America, and very much concerned to find that it was not as universally sympathetic with England as they were. They wanted me to state my opinion to the British authorities, and introduced me to Lady Essex, an American woman married to an English peer, and by her I was taken to lunch with the Prime Minister of England.

To the Prime Minister I stated my judg-

ment of American public opinion to be that the small element known as "society" was very strongly pro-Ally; that the element of German ancestry, and particularly that of German birth, was naturally pro-German; and that the bulk of the nation was strongly pro-American and was inclined to be critical of all the nations involved in the war.

That American public opinion could be neutral was a great surprise to Mr. Asquith. He felt very strongly the course of his government, with special reference to the achievement of Home Rule for Ireland, the assurance of religious equality in Wales, the various carefully worked out measures for the improvement of living conditions, the supremacy of the public over the aristocracy, entitled it to the whole-souled support of the American republic against the German military monarchy.

At the time of my visit Mr. Asquith had entirely effaced himself in the conduct of the war and was confining his efforts to bringing the full force of his authority to support Lord

Kitchener, just as some fifty-odd years before President Lincoln had effaced himself to support General Grant. Indeed, Mr. Asquith reminds me very much of the Lincoln of war times, not the Lincoln of tradition which has been built up in recent years, but the Lincoln my grandfather described — the patient, comprehending politician, who bore on the force of his personality the strains of jealousies, hatreds, and distrusts which threatened to wreck the machinery of his government.

If the war turns out well for his country, Mr. Asquith's name will become immortal. If it turns out ill, there will be no more democratic government in Europe for several centuries.

Through Mr. Asquith I met Sir Edward Grey, Minister of Foreign Affairs. In no part of my trip was I so much surprised as by this Minister. I had thought of the British Ministry of Foreign Affairs as about like our own Secretaryship of State, — the position given to the second most important poli-

tician belonging to the party in power irrespective of his qualifications or previous experience in diplomacy, and depending upon the able and educated counsellor or first assistant secretary for information, and upon the President for decisions.

Sir Edward Grey was as fluent in talking of foreign affairs as is nobody in the American government excepting Mr. Alvey A. Adee, the second assistant Secretary of State, and he spoke with fully as much authority as a President.

My final surprise was to learn that in politics there were at that time at least three members of the Cabinet more powerful than he.

Sir Edward Grey elaborated the statements contained in the British White Book, and he gave back the life to the negotiations of which they had been stripped in the formal phraseology of diplomacy. I remember distinctly his explaining that the problem as a problem presented by the murder of Sarajevo was much less difficult than the one pre-

sented at the close of the Balkan war, when Austria refused to allow Servia to retain Durazzo.

Solution was obtained in the former case, he said, because all of the diplomats and the Great Powers worked disinterestedly to find a basis on which they could avoid war. Peaceful solution failed in the present case, he insisted, only because Austria and Germany refused to consider any form of adjustment other than the imposition of Austria's sovereignty upon Servia.

I also called upon Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, then at the height of his turbulent conduct of the War Office. He was on top for the last time and was about to embark upon the unfortunate expedition to the Dardanelles. He did not refer to his master stroke in having the fleet ready mobilized at the time of the outbreak of war, but acknowledged it when I mentioned the subject.

He spoke of the victory of the Falkland Islands as the logical outcome of the Navy

Department's activities, and expressed keen regret that the recent victory in the North Sea in which the *Bluecher* had been sunk, and which was at that time the cause of much British rejoicing, had not been more complete.

Next to the Grand Duke Nicholas he is the most aggressive person I have ever met, and I think that if he had had a military instead of an academic education he would have made a great general or admiral.

From England I passed over to France at midnight, all daylight passage at that time being stopped because of the German submarine blockade.

In Paris I called upon the Foreign Minister, Mr. Delcasse, my father's old friend, a man of active intellect and rapid speech, and from him heard much the same point of view I had heard from the British Minister; viz., that the French Republic defending Republicanism against Imperial conquest deserved at least the whole-hearted sympathy of the other great republic overseas. He made me feel, although he did not say it, that France

remembered that when America was fighting for freedom, France had come to her rescue. He spoke strongly of the German methods of making war, of the shooting of citizens, of the wanton destruction of religious and artistic buildings. He was extraordinarily surprised when I told him that in America there was a great deal of doubt as to whether any reliance could be placed on any such allegations. And that is how I came to get to the front in France, because he procured for me a pass to see the condition of Arras.

To Arras, then, I went a day or two later, experiencing the same emotions as affect all Americans arriving in warring countries. I travelled by train to Calais, where I was arrested by a fussy petty official. Only in France of all the warring countries does the average traveller find oppression from petty officials. At the time I attributed this to France's being in greater peril than any other contestant, but I have since been informed that it is due to the fact that these petty officials have so much political power

that they can tyrannize and even graft at will.

From Calais I went by train to St. Omer, from which point the French commission at the British Headquarters sent me to Arras.

Of my visit to the city itself my diary says: —

"Left for St. Pol 7.45. Arrived about 9. Waited one hour for pass. Left for Arras. Report road being heavily shelled. Arrived division headquarters about eleven. Noise of bombardment loud. Road reported dangerous. Only one auto allowed. Beat it into Arras. Not fired at. Saw Hotel de Ville was deliberately ruined and two churches destroyed. Considerable rifle and gun fire all around. Several shells fell in town. One was near enough to feel shock. Didn't see anything. Were within forty yards of Germans. Didn't see them. People miserable. De Mas Latrie says his home on Belgian frontier destroyed by Bochs, also factory of his brother-in-law was taken down and shipped to Germany. Fine lunch. General refused to let me see his guns, of which he has over 100."

After I had returned to London the trip appeared humorous and I wrote the following article about it: —

It has been the part of most war correspondents to have thrilling experiences; it remained for me to have a trip to the front which was funny from beginning to end.

My permit to go to the front of the French army came through the intercession of the great French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Delcasse, about whom I will write more in another letter.

I believe this astute diplomat broke through the rigid army regulations forbidding civilians, and especially newspaper men, from going to the front by asking leave for me to see the devastation wrought by the Germans upon religious edifices and historical monuments.

However, I did not know this when I rose at daybreak.

My train to the front was not a military train, filled with soldiers, or even a supply train, but an accommodation, travelling with

aggravating nonchalance a few miles in the rear of the embattled armies.

We detrained at Calais — military terms are necessary in war correspondence. After dining quietly we returned to the railway station ten minutes before the train was due to start for that unmentionable point that was to see the beginning of our adventure.

There we were promptly arrested.

The military pass looked so helpless I produced my passport. Fatal mistake! On the passport my profession was given as a newspaper man, and newspaper men are forbidden at the front! Fortunately, the stamps on my insignificant-looking military passport proved talismans strong enough to overcome any ill omen of my unfortunate profession.

Finally we arrived at the commander's office. The officers rose at our entrance. The telegram from Paris had just arrived and orders had been given to furnish us with every convenience to visit the headquarters of General ——, that man who so distinguished himself at the Marne and whose rise is one of the features of the war.

"Would monsieur like to start at once, or if not, by what hour of the morning? Was monsieur alone or with a friend? Monsieur was with a friend. Very well, then, monsieur must have two automobiles, one for monsieur and the officer who would conduct him and one for monsieur's friend and the baggage."

Monsieur's friend looked quite angry. Monsieur's desire to say that monsieur would have liked to have the other automobile an hour ago was resisted, and polite remarks that one automobile would surely be sufficient were cut short with the more polite rejoinder that of course monsieur was "très large" and the automobiles were not overstrong.

Then home, bed, and up the next morning, of course, at the crack of dawn, à la militaire. No one else was awake. Finally appears an old man who will provide bread and coffee.

Suddenly arrive two enormous limousine automobiles, each capable of carrying seven people, each with a military driver and a foot-

man on the box, and in one an exceedingly kind and courteous French officer, dressed in that new French gray, which I am sure is visible when nothing else on earth can be seen.

Again arises the desire for the thrill of battle, but it is soon dispelled by the quiet man in the brilliant gray, who says that his home is on the other side of the fighting lines. It had been totally destroyed, also the home of his bellemère and the factory of his beaufrère, the machinery of which he believes has been taken down and shipped to Germany.

An hour's rapid running brings us to the headquarters of the army commander. We will now see the great man. But no, the great man has business of the republic to mind. In reasonable time is produced a pàss to proceed to headquarters of the general commanding the division at Arras.

Right and left are farmers working in the fields. War is evidenced only by numbers of trucks packed in rows, as they might be before a big commercial house at home.

Now it is raining hard, a cold drizzle, and

rain and mud are coating the chauffeur. The casual and not sufficiently grateful guest is comfortably inside the big limousine. The machine skids a little and the officer breaks out impatiently.

"It is impossible to control these chauffeurs; because they owned the automobiles before the war they think they own them now."

The officer is surprised when his guest bursts into a roar of laughter that he, a stranger, is sitting comfortably inside, while the rightful owner of the car is being covered with mud and cold rain.

A tire bursts and we all descend. Hark! What is this we hear? It is war, the greatest war, but it sounds sufficiently like the battle of Gettysburg at McVicker's theatre.

The risibility aroused by the owner-chauffeur will not down immediately, although the officer, who, by the way, has fought in every battle of the war until two weeks ago, looks serious.

"They are shelling Arras hard," he says. "If they are shelling the road also it may be impossible for us to go."

The guest is beginning to wish that they will be shelling it at least that hard or not at all.

Arrived at division headquarters, the roar of cannonading is incessant and loud, but even as we wait it dies away. The officer returns and with him a captain who knows the road. There is no danger, he says, until we reach the top of the hill before Arras, and then there are three miles of straight road of which they have exact range, exposed to the enemy's fire. The party will go in one car to minimize the target. Target!

I hear the chauffeur of one car congratulating the chauffeur of the other, but whether the man who goes or the one who stays behind is congratulated, I do not know. The captain directs the chauffeur when he reaches the top of the hill to put on full speed. "Il faut filet," he says. He apologizes for taking the right hand seat, he wishes to have the speaking trumpet at hand, but for what purpose had never been made apparent.

Conversation has slackened. Now even

Riley is not talking about his intense desire to enter the front line of trenches. My own great fear is that in the company of three professional soldiers I may act foolishly.

We reach the top of the hill, and as the spires of Arras come in sight each man puts on "the expression I want to be found with" look, and then the chauffeur turns the car loose.

Hail Columbia: The road is absolutely smooth, with a strong down grade. I am sure that after the first half mile no shell could have overtaken us from behind, although we might have bumped into one going our way.

The captain on my right shouts in my ear, "You will not be able to hear the shells coming," and I don't care, because I know the danger of the shells must be less than the danger from the machine. We are going over eighty miles an hour, and a burst tire or defective steering gear will prove as deadly as a 42-centimetre projectile.

I realize also that it must be difficult for a gun three miles away to hit the racing target,

but I do not appreciate then that our greatest danger is from a high explosive "obus" bursting in the road in front of us. Going at this speed it would be impossible to stop the car before disaster.

At last we reach Arras, and the Germans, as is their custom following the entrance of an automobile, shell the town. Who can tell but the automobile may contain the commanding general?

It is now we learn that we have come to see the ruin perpetrated by the "Boches," as the French universally call their German neighbors.

We are led to the hospital, what remains of the once beautiful city hall, and the cathedral. Since I was brought here to witness these things I will say that they certainly went at them with true German thoroughness. They are still useful to make concrete, but for no other purpose.

As shells were occasionally dropping in the little town, which covered perhaps half as much ground as the loop district, I was more

interested in the atrocities the Germans were then perpetrating than what they had done to artistic triumphs or religious buildings.

Bang, bang, bang! about one a minute fell the high explosive shells. None fell within vision, but one landed in the next garden while we were standing in the hospital, and the fragments rattling round the wall or whirring overhead were decidedly audible.

One of these shells killed six French soldiers. I was fortunately spared that sight and only heard of it as we were leaving the city.

Military authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, I believe an old French town is the best possible modern fortress. Its masonry work is superior to anything in modern times. A shell hitting a brick wall, for example, will cut a round hole and leave the rest of the wall intact. A howitzer shell will fall, as one did within fifty yards of us, and the devastation of its explosion is confined to a small space. People living in the cellars, vaulted masses of masonry, are safe except against "Jack Johnsons," those massive siege

guns which destroyed the forts of Liège and Namur.

Just now the French artillery begins to reply, the wonderful little 75s. There seem to be hundreds of them, but as each gun can fire over twenty shots a minute, there may be only a few batteries. There is a little rifle firing in the trenches 30 yards away, but if any bullets flew overhead or near us, I did not hear them.

When the time arrives for our departure the captain explains it will not be possible to go back uphill as fast as we came down, and when I express my heartfelt thanks I believe he thinks I am boasting of a courage I do not possess.

We return to headquarters unmolested.

From a haystack on a hill-top we are shown the lines of the French and of the enemy, which in some places are only a few yards apart. We have an excellent lunch at division headquarters and are politely sent on our way.

We had no inkling that even while we were

at table the Germans made a bayonet attack on our immediate left and took several hundred yards of French trenches, which were retaken later. We did not see a single German, and not over a hundred French soldiers.

We were told how many guns were used in holding this important salient and we heard the report of many, some very near us, but we never even guessed where a single one was placed.

Of the intense feeling of these men who have rendered the maintenance of a republic possible in Europe I will write when I have tried to measure my terms. We must learn from them, if our own republic is to endure.

My French permit being limited to a visit to the ruins of Arras, I was not shown any part of the French army.

I suggested to the general commanding the division that the Russians would ask me particularly about the "seventy-fives."

"You have heard them?" he replied.

"Yes, all around me."

"And have you seen any of them?"

"No, not a one."

"Then tell the Russians that. It will show how well we conceal our gun positions."

Not only were guns concealed, but men as well.

We passed through the greater part of an army of 200,000 men but did not see over 2000 of them. This is explained partly by the fact that most of the men not in the trenches were sleeping and that men are purposely kept under cover to prevent aëroplane scouts from estimating the numbers in any one place.

The enormous number of houses in this part of France makes it easy to cover up men. The population has largely moved away, leaving houses, factories, and other buildings for the troops.

An idea of the closeness of the settlements may be obtained when I say that they are more thickly dotted than in the suburbs of Chicago. I asked an officer why the houses were not all destroyed by artillery fire, and he answered:

"They are too many."

At home one shell would start a fire and burn a whole town. Here buildings are masonry throughout, fire, bullet, and shrapnel proof. A shell from a field-piece only knocks a hole in a wall.

French officers and men do not associate with each other when off duty, but when occasion arises for intercourse, such as news from the firing line, it is upon a basis of equality. On the other hand, orders are given in peremptory tone and rebuke is administered savagely.

Two German prisoners, being escorted by as many cavalrymen, failed to salute a French colonel.

He halted them and made them stand at attention and then stormed at them in a manner that made me fear he was about to order a summary execution. After he left I looked at the Germans' faces. They betrayed anger, not fear.

As the motor raced on I had an opportunity to judge the comparative invisibility of the different uniforms. The Germans were in

the new slate color, the French escort in old, old blue coats and red trousers, the colonel in the ringing steel gray just adopted.

First the Germans were merged with the mud of the street, then the soldiers, and after all had disappeared, long after, the French colonel was plainly seen.

We saw thousands of motor trucks, thousands of wagons, but of the traditional picture of war nothing — no, not quite nothing. Just at dusk on a hill-top we saw a mass of batteries limbered up, drivers in their seats, the officers mounted and conversing in groups. It might have been the subject of a picture.

It was the reserve artillery waiting for dark to advance to position to shell the Germans who had gained some trenches that day.

The value not only of discipline but of military bearing and even military appearance is apparent at the seat of war.

Especially is this needed in officers. Soldiers know almost nothing about the progress of the battle and are encouraged or lose heart by the appearance of their superiors.

If any reader thinks this opinion is undemocratic or foppish, let him stand an hour under shell fire as I did at Arras and he will come to my way of thinking.

As we returned through the army headquarters we became aware of an air of anxiety and depression. An idea of the successful German attack had circulated around.

Suddenly an automobile dashed in from the front.

All eyes turned upon its occupants.

They saw two men in that ringing gray, erect as lamp-posts, with carefully trimmed square beards and wearing expressions of theatrical resolution. They would have drawn eggs and oranges on South Water Street, but they brought only comfort to the anxious hearts in St. Pol. And I, moved by some strange impulse of mob psychology, felt a thrill strangely akin to a prayer.

The French regained their trenches at daybreak.

Entirely by coincidence, my pass to Arras

brought me to St. Omer, where Sir John French then had his headquarters.

While in London I had asked Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Asquith if permission could not be obtained for me to see the British lines, but had received no answer up to the time of my departure. I therefore decided to call upon the Field Marshal in person and see if my request had been granted. I had taken with me to wear in Russia, at the suggestion of the Russian Embassy, my uniform as colonel in the Illinois National Guard, and before going to Arras I asked a former lieutenant in the United States army whether I should wear this uniform to the French front. He was emphatic in his refusal, and as I had no civilian clothes suitable for outing purposes, I made up a suit by grafting a city coat and waistcoat upon a pair of army breeches and topping it with an automobile cap, giving a fine likeness of a racehorse trainer.

In this attire I presented myself at Field Marshal Sir John French's headquarters and

presenting my visiting card, asked to see the Commander-in-Chief. I did not immediately see that person, but was received by an autocratic non-com. with bristling mustache who asked, in penetrating tone, if it were not a fact that I was a newspaper man. Upon my admission of this damning fact, he proposed to hear no more but to assign me to the special limbo prepared for such beasts.

From this martinet I was rescued by a commissioned officer who introduced himself as Lord Brook and politely told me that it was impossible for anybody to see the Commander-in-Chief, but that on the morrow he would endeavor to ascertain whether word of me had been received at headquarters from the Prime Minister. In the meantime he would see that I had a room at the hotel.

It so happened that an acquaintance I had made in London knew Field Marshal French, and with that quality of wishing to help strangers that characterizes the English, had promptly written me a letter of introduction

to be presented if I received permission to go to the front. I now presented it. This letter proving that I was not a fraud, which even my polite officer believed up to that time, I was most hospitably entertained, and dined that night with the Field Marshal and his Staff.

Sir John French's photograph has frequently been in every newspaper and he has been described by many writers. I need only say, therefore, that February last he was hard as nails, and the fatigues of his campaign had made no visible impression upon him. He was preparing to fight the battle of Neuve Chapelle, although, of course, I did not know it at the time. There was no sign of nervousness over what he had to do.

Sir John French, aside from his great military ability, is a most interesting personality, a man of very fixed opinions and of fearlessness in giving expression to them. He held the best position in the British army, — Chief of the General Staff, — and this he relinquished rather than make the plan to

coerce Ulster in the Home Rule matter. He has a sister who is a militant suffragist, and to whom — to the horror of law-abiding Englishmen — he lent aid and counsel. In refusing to take part in any military steps against Ulster he faced the alternative of resignation, which was not a simple thing for him, as he was a poor man.

Without means of his own, and lacking any government appropriation, he would never have learned the terrain over which he has had to fight were it not that a friend of his, Mr. Brinsley Fitzgerald, took him in his automobile through Belgium and northern France on all of his furloughs. Thus the Commander-in-Chief of the British army was educated partly at the expense of a friend who is now his military secretary.

I described the battle front at that time, as it has been described by every newspaper man that followed me, beginning with Frederick Palmer of the Associated Press.

The newness is worn off of that subject, but I do not believe that interest in the

British Expeditionary Force can ever die, although most of the Force is dead.

Without a whimper, without a protest, it went to its destruction in the defence of the nation which had neglected it, just as our regular army must go some day unless by the grace of God we may learn preparedness in time.

One day Major Charles Grant of the Coldstream Guards took me to the front. He was the only one of seven officers of his company to be on his feet at the end of a day at the Aisne. He had two bullet holes through his arm, and his tunic had been scorched by a shell that had blown him several yards. Only seven of his men out of two hundred and thirty remained. He commented on the fact that he should be the survivor of that battle, because he was not only the tallest man in his company, but one of the tallest men in Europe.

From him I received a lesson in conduct under fire. He took me among other places to a certain observation station located in an

abandoned base, and there we found a new officer unacquainted with the surroundings, just arrived to take the place of one who had gone to join his comrades across the Aisne and the Styx.

Major Grant, with infinite detail, identified every object in sight through the little peep-hole in the roof, and while he was in the midst of his lecture German high explosive shells began to burst near by. I thought, as a matter of course, we would all run to shelter, but the two officers never moved. The instruction went on without hurry, and when finished the pupil recited his lesson as though in a schoolroom. The men were not afraid. I was. I was very much afraid, and did not resist by a large margin the desire to ask my conductor to move to some safer place. This confession is not pleasant to make, but it is put down with a hope that other boys will be instructed in courage as I never was. The lesson I learned that day was not without value. I never got to enjoy the crash of high explosive shells nor was I ever over-

whelmed with the desire to rush into a shower bath of machine gun fire. On the other hand, I never again approached the point of disgracing myself on the firing line.

Physical courage varies with the individual, but the natural tendency in that direction can be improved like piano playing and polite conversation. It is a more desirable accomplishment for a man than either of these.

It was Lord Brook who conducted me to Ypres. I imagined Lord Brook had been too comfortably situated in the world to submit to the discomforts of regular army life, but he is a soldier by choice and has hardly missed a ruction in twenty years. He was in Greece in '97, in South Africa in 1900, and as war correspondent with the Russians against Japan.

I have always thought the word "debonair" belonged in novels, preferably of the historical sort, but it fits Brook, and I cannot otherwise describe him without many words. He now commands a brigade of Canadians, and I will assure my neighbors

on the north that their boys will have every comfort, yes, every luxury which a war forty miles from Paris can afford, and that when fighting comes they will be directed not only with courage but with abandon.

I left the British army, expecting to return after my visit to Russia. I left it very much in its debt, uplifted by the association of men who sacrifice themselves for country. I had been the associate of very gallant gentlemen.

CHAPTER II

The Emperor of Russia

From there I travelled to Petrograd via Athens, Salonica, Nish, Sofia, and Bucharest. This trip was particularly interesting, as it brought me into direct contact with the peoples and personages of those turbulent States, whose activities brought on — although, of course, they did not cause — the great War. The information I gathered on the journey forms the basis of the chapter on the cause of the war printed as an appendix.

I arrived in Petrograd early in April and presented my letters to the Baron Schilling, Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, who made an appointment for me to meet his Chief the following day.

I was greatly interested to meet this leading Diplomat of the world, Mr. Sergius Sazonoff,

as I had, of course, read all of his despatches in the published White Books, and in common with others had been impressed by his immediate grasp of the situation presented by Austria's first demands upon Servia.

Shaw did not exaggerate when he stated that if Sazonoff's advice had been followed by the Entente Powers, war might have been averted.

Mr. Sazonoff is a product of the Russian Diplomatic system whereby candidates for the Diplomatic Service must satisfactorily pass the course of the diplomatic school. Afterwards they are sent on mission to different countries and the younger men are moved from post to post so as to become acquainted with the different peoples of the civilized world. Thus it is that whomsoever is chosen as Minister for Foreign Affairs is not only thoroughly grounded in international law but has a first-hand knowledge of all the countries with whom he has relations.

I was quite ready to find, as I did, that Mr. Sazonoff was much better acquainted with

the situation in the countries through which I had just passed than I was, but I was not prepared for the extent of his knowledge of American conditions. Later, when we discussed the causes of the Republican landslide in Chicago in the mayoralty election, I was surprised again.

Mr. Sazonoff was especially emphatic in explaining the opportunities now open in Russia for American trade. Germany, he said, had long acted as a middleman between Russia and the rest of the world. Patriotically, German middlemen preferred German manufacturers, and when they found it necessary to purchase their materials for the Russian market were clever in allotting to themselves the greater part of the difference between the actual cost of production and the highest price that the consumer could be forced to pay.

Russia, he said, is almost entirely an agricultural country and by the instinct of its people, its political system, and the state of its natural resources, must remain almost

purely agricultural for a long time. The Government wishes the largest possible market for Russian buyers. It is particularly anxious to prevent any one country from obtaining the same commercial ascendancy over it as Germany had before the war.

I am convinced that the Russian Government will go a long way to meet America, but it cannot carry the whole burden of diplomatic negotiation. For instance, Russia is willing to make a new commercial treaty with the United States, but the American business men must take it upon themselves to see that the American Government meets the Russian advances.

Russia will do fully her share towards establishing direct steamer lines between Russian ports and America and will protect American shippers in Harbor Rights and Railroad Rates, but the American exporters must equal the business acumen of their competitors. They must make up their packages according to Russian measures and weights, they must adapt themselves to the Russian terms of payment.

The largest market in the world is open to us, but we must make the necessary effort to get it.

Typewritten letters in general terms will not obtain any business, nor can a drummer with a trunk full of samples and a grip full of cigars expect any orders. Permanent Agencies must be established, such as the Singer Manufacturing Company has established. Probably, before any large part of Russian trade can be obtained we must have a change on the part of the Government attitude to permit business men to coöperate in the extension of foreign markets.

It was Mr. Sazonoff who arranged that I should be presented to the Emperor, to tell him directly my impressions of the war on the western front. Accordingly, the Court Chamberlain sent a notice to the American Ambassador stating that I was to wear full evening dress with white necktie, to take the one o'clock traïn to Tsarskoie Selo and return train at three-seven.

The train started on time and shortly after the conductor came for the tickets.

He was preceded and followed by a gendarme.

Looking out of the window, I saw a separate track on a separate embankment. On each side of it and on the left of our train many sentries were walking and every hundred yards gendarmes were stationed. The gendarmes saluted our train, but the sentries, who were trudging in thick snow on each side of the track instead of walking the ties, paid no attention as we passed.

Gilded church domes came into view and we drew into the station of Tsarskoie Selo. A footman dressed in imperial red with a cloak of the same color trimmed at the bottom with a broad ribbon upon which many eagles spread double heads and golden wings against a black background picked my silk hat out of the crowd and asked if I were Mr. "Cormick."

That fact admitted, he led me to a brougham drawn by two handsome bays and driven by another figure in royal red, gold,

and black. Red, gold, and black hats were on the men's heads.

The footman wore his hat fore and aft, but the coachman's peaks were on either side to denote that royalty was not in the carriage.

The gates of the royal grounds were open, and we drove up a medium incline to the steps of the right wing of the palace, a building somewhat longer than the White House but similar in appearance.

A confusing number of police saluted as I climbed the twelve steps to the palace door, which was opened by an official, again in royal red, but wearing a headdress that was neither turban nor hat, narrow where it circled his brow; higher it increased to the size of a sofa cushion.

A footman took my things, insisting upon my coat before my hat.

A dozen other men stood bareheaded in various garbs. I had no time to note the character of their attire, but was conscious of a predominance of heavy beards as I was

ushered up a short stair to the waiting-room on the right.

It was then twenty minutes to two, so I had time to look around the room. Beside the door was a remarkable portrait of a beautiful woman whom I took to be the Czarina.

The background of the portrait was of a pearly gray, and the frame of carved silver reflected the same pearly hue. Next in the corner came a fireplace in which a fire had recently burned out. On the adjoining wall were hung two oil paintings of a little king and his court. In the first he was held aloft in the arms of a soldier in green. In the second he was standing dressed in light blue at the top of a stone staircase and receiving the salute of the same soldier.

The presence of a respectful cardinal in both pictures and the clothes of king and courtiers pointed out that the boyhood of Louis XIV was depicted. Between the two pictures was a painting of peasants sickling the golden grain. Beside the door to the

audience room was a water-color of a steamboat navigating a crooked river, and a map of the stream, the whole, I suppose, illustrating a distant possession.

At the end were two French windows and between them a steel engraving of the Emperor's father presented to "their Majesties" by the students of Paris.

Here I was struck by the care taken to regulate the temperature of the palace. Outside the double windows were hung thermometers. In the room was still another thermometer. The thermometer outside registered 8° Centigrade, those between the double windows 12°, and the one in the room 15°.

I was just taking in a picture of a death-bed scene in Spain, — probably the death of a king, the presence of many candles, priests, and knee-breeched courtiers seemed to indicate, — when my eyes lit upon two horse's hoofs upon a near-by desk.

Investigation showed that one was shod with the ordinary horseshoe and the other was a shoe built with a sliding joint, apparently

a humane contrivance which the Czar was investigating.

In the centre of the room was a regular reception-room table covered with books. One was a present commemorating a visit to Rheims!

Another concerned hydraulic engineering, a third related to military automobiles, so the pictures showed.

All were printed in Russian, so my attention wandered to a large carved egg-shaped decoration in the middle of the table, to the Turkish carpet on the floor, to the dark oak panels on the walls.

As the clock struck two, the door opened, and first one and then another officer entered.

Both were in scarlet uniform, both wore many overlapped gold medals, both stood as straight as ramrods.

Both were so utterly foreign to anything my life knew and yet so perfectly at home here that I felt for a moment as Marco Polo must have felt in the great and strange court of China.

The first of these apparitions bowed gravely without speaking, but the second, to my intense surprise, said in the most perfect English, "I cannot remember just what year it was your father left us."

I was saved the embarrassment of admitting I was equally uncertain, when the man with the enormous headdress who had first received me at the palace, opened the farther door and addressed me in, I am sure, excellent Russian. "The Emperor is waiting" explained the English scholar, and as neither he nor his companion offered to move, I walked through the door alone.

The Emperor was standing at the farther window of a room similar in every respect to the one I had left, except that there was a large black-oak writing desk against the farther wall and no table in the centre. With a "I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. McCormick," he walked forward and shook hands.

Why describe a so much photographed and portraited man?

One feature, however, was so striking as to demand comment. He had the largest eyes I have ever seen in living mortal. He asked pleasantly about my father, expressed pleasure that an American newspaper man had come to seek the truth about the war.

In reply to a direct question he said that he had no doubt the Grand Duke would allow me to see the extreme front.

One significant thing he said, — "The war was very sudden and very unexpected."

I knew that my time was short, and I was busy trying to live up to the standard of a justly celebrated local room. I noticed the hair was thinning at the crown, that it was only slightly gray, the complexion clear with health, the beard brushed somewhat wider than the earlier pictures, suggesting a Slavic style. The olive uniform with a colonel's insignia was covered with many little loops to hook medals in, but the only medal worn was strange to me. The trousers were of dark blue with a red stripe and the knee boots were blackened but not shined. A complimentary

reference to the British army drew my attention to the fact that his accent was less marked than that of former King Edward VII.

The interview had only proceeded this far when a pretty girl popped her head in the door behind the Emperor and said in all probability — the language being Russian — that luncheon was ready. The Emperor said, "I am very sorry I must go now," which, as he did not move, was taken to mean that the visitor must take his departure.

Two doors connecting with the anteroom had been closed, which I believe was not an accident or coincidence, but a part of the imperial formula designed so that a visitor might back out of the royal presence, turn between the doors and walk forward into the waiting-room. The gorgeous gentlemen-in-waiting had disappeared but the small army of attendants stood in the hall. The hat was handed first to the visitor, then the coat, and last the cane. Erect on the box sat the coachmen of the imperial carriage, but as the newspaper man passed into the station his trained

eye did not fail to detect that the footman was counting the tip which custom has decreed is due the man who rides before the guest of Majesty.

I lunched in the station restaurant. As the menu was written in Russian and the waiter could not understand me, I marked four dishes at random. The waiter brought two kinds of caviar, a cheese sandwich, and a bottle of quass. I was somewhat upset at the collection, but reflecting that it was an order suitable to a man wearing a dress suit at three P.M. ate it and took the three-seven train back to Petrograd.

CHAPTER III

The Grand Duke

The night after my presentation I took the train to the town where the Grand Duke was then maintaining his Headquarters and found myself within the Russian Lines.

Hotel life in Petrograd is very much like hotel life in New York or Chicago, and Petrograd itself is very little different from Paris or Berlin or Stockholm. It is a cosmopolitan city like New York, and like New York as much representative of the foreign elements in the country as of the country itself.

The arrival at Headquarters was my first entry into entirely Russian atmosphere. It was also an augury of the pleasant times to follow, for while I was gathering together my outfit consisting of, among other things,

THE GRAND DUKE NICOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

a camp bed, rubber boots, and fur overcoat, — only the last of which I ever used in Russia, — a young officer arrived and in a moment took possession of me and all my possessions. This officer became my chief friend and companion during my whole stay in Russia.

When I first saw him and learned that he was the aide-de-camp of General Yanouskevitz, noted his Oriental appearance, and heard him addressed as "Mon Prinz," I assumed that he was a Japanese Prince attached to the Russian Army, through some system of military interchange. It was not until some days later that I learned his actual identity, which is very much more interesting.

Dimitri Toundoutoff is the hereditary prince of the Kalmuk race, which has been incorporated in the Russian Empire for over two hundred years.

The native customs and religions have not been interfered with, and Prince Toundoutoff — conveniently for him — is not only the

Prince but the God of his people. From early times his family entered heartily into the Russian régime. They have been for two hundred years, father and son, officers in the same Cavalry regiment of the Russian Imperial Guard. The father of the present Prince rose to the rank of General Governor in the Russian service, one of the highest points of distinction in the Empire.

Toundoutoff was one of the Russian team in the Riding Contest in Vienna that won the first prize a few months before the war. He told me that the announcement of Russians winning the first prize was received by the audience in absolute silence, but the second and third prize winners were cheered to the echo, — an indication of the Viennese public opinion before the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand which was missed by the foreign press. He is also the proud — but modest — owner of a sword of honor received for carrying important despatches under heavy fire during one of the desperate battles in East Prussia.

He was a strong example to me of the beneficial influence of military training upon young men born to powerful positions. It could have been no fun for him to take around the Army a total stranger, — ten years older than himself and to whom he was not united by any tie of race or interest, — to get his railroad tickets, his hotel accommodations, to rise sometimes at dawn, go on trips for twenty-four hours, returning the following dawn seeing sights that were not new to him, to undergo from time to time more or less danger of shell and rifle fire for no purpose which could interest or benefit him; above all, drag around a heavy trunk filled with moving picture equipment, sometimes in contravention of the railroad regulations; but never at any time did I perceive in him any indication that he was performing a distasteful duty. In explaining Russian customs to a stranger he was extremely tactful and on all occasions treated me as though I were a military superior of his own nation.

Such is the man who conducted me in one

of the Headquarters automobiles to the train which served as Headquarters, and it was he who introduced me to General Yanouskevitz, Chief of Staff of all the Armies of Russia.

General Yanouskevitz, at the age of forty-four, holds the second military position under the Czar. This high rank he owes to great native ability developed under the eye of the Russian Emperor himself, for as a young officer he was in the same regiment as the heir to the throne. He was not sent to Manchuria during the Japanese War, so that unless he was in some border skirmish he had never taken part in war before he received his present high position.

Of the most polished manners, sitting at his desk upon which were photographs of his wife and children, he made a different figure from the prevalent military idea presented by the equestrian statue.

When, however, he took down a map to suggest an itinerary for my travels through the armies and ran over their positions and movements, it was plain to see that he had a

General Yanouskevitch

natural turn for military dispositions, just as some people have good heads for mathematics, some have the art of expression, and some are natural athletes.

During his conversation he told me of the German system of strategic farmhouses. For years, he said, the strategic points — not only in East Prussia but in Poland — had been bought by German farmers and paid for through the military appropriation. Dwellings were erected that overlooked long stretches of territory in the direction of Russia, they were built with thick fort-like walls on the eastern front with small loophole windows, but with wide doors and windows and with thin walls towards the west. Many of these houses were connected by underground telephones, so that in the early stages of the war farmers could telephone from within the Russian lines to the German Headquarters. Early in the war Russian batteries carefully concealed would be struck by the first shell from a German gun.

The picture printed in this volume is a

good likeness, and is chosen — as the one shown of the Czar — because it gives a particular expression which, to me at least, indicated the Slav, or possibly the East. I had been with him perhaps an hour and had begun to feel the enormous admiration for the Russian military which was to grow on me throughout my whole stay, when he said it was time to present me to the Grand Duke.

After seeing how able was the Chief of Staff I was perfectly ready to find in the Grand Duke, Commander-in-Chief, a figure head, but if I had come even with a fixed notion of that kind, I would have been jarred out of it in the first moment of conversation.

The man who rose to meet me was taller than I, exceedingly spare, but with the hand-clasp of a young man twice his weight.

Nicolas Nicolaiovitch Romanoff, grandson of the Emperor Alexander I, and cousin of the present Czar, is in his fifty-ninth year. In appearance he is ten years younger, due, I suppose, to his fondness for out-of-door exercise which his position allows him to indulge.

There was no question of my telling him what I wanted to do. He had passed on that subject.

He asked a few questions about the morale of the English and French Armies and then led the way to the dining car. On the way he introduced me to "mon frère," the Grand Duke Peter of Russia.

History will not do justice to this charming man, who may be compared to Aaron bearing up the arms of Moses.

He is not commander-in-chief. He is not even a member of the Staff. He lives in the confinement of the train on its wayside track with no duties to occupy his mind. Victory will erect no statues of him in enduring bronze. But who will say that he has not played a valuable part in the work, supporting his great brother in his trials, and spreading an atmosphere of kindliness, the Russian personality, among the overworked Staff and unoccupied attachés.

I surprised a fraternal scene one day when the army was retreating from Tarnow to

Peremysl. At risk of stretching hospitality I must relate it.

The Grand Duke Peter was sitting in the shade of the Headquarters building reading when the Commander-in-Chief came out and started towards his armchair some fifty feet in the sun. Immediately the Grand Duke Peter sprang up, brought the Commander his cane, and then carried the chair to a place in the shade. I do not recount this as a remarkable thing for a Grand Duke to do, not being familiar with their habits; I call attention to the personal devotion of one brother to another. Jealousy is a microbe that knows no station. History and the experience of all of us tells the rarity of such a spirit as I saw revealed.

At table the Commander-in-Chief sits at one side of a dining-car table facing the room. Opposite to him are the chief of Staff and the Headquarters chaplain. A particularly distinguished guest has a position on the Grand Duke's right. General Sullivainoff, captor of Peremysl, had it while I was at the Headquarters the first time.

WITH ONE HAND HE STRUCK THE AUSTRIANS, WITH THE OTHER HE DRAGGED THE GERMANS FROM THE GATES OF PARIS

On the Grand Duke's left is the table of the Grand Duke Peter, with General Williams, General La Guiche, English and French military attachés, and Prince Galitzin. Next in precedence come the Prince Oldenbourg, brother-in-law of the Czar, with the chief of tactics, the Japanese and the Belgian attachés, both Generals. The fourth and last table in the Commander's party is occupied by the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlowitch, the Major General representing Montenegro, and the Colonel representing Servia.

Here as a compliment to America I was placed, my commission as Colonel A.D.C. to the Governor of Illinois making me junior to all the General Attachés.

Beyond a partition were six tables of Staff officers, the senior being the Cossack General commanding a regiment of the Guards attached to Headquarters.

The officers breakfast at different hours according to their duties. Lunch is at 12.30. The company assembles and waits standing.

The Commander-in-Chief enters, followed

by the Grand Duke Peter, the chief of Staff, and guests in order of rank. The chaplain blesses the chief, and the chief kisses the chaplain's hand. Then he walks through the car, shaking hands with all those he sees for the first time that morning. He does this again at dinner at 7.30 with perfect memory for those he has and has not seen. Conversation is generally confined among the officers at each table, with interruptions when the Grand Duke addresses some polite remark to one of his guests.

Upon the day of my arrival I was pouring Narzan water into a glass half full of claret when I heard a deep voice say, "Ce n'est pas bien que vous faites la." My eyes were on my glass, but I had no more doubt about the remark being addressed to me than twenty years ago when the Rev. Endicott Peabody would surprise me in some school occupation not according to his ideas. Upon looking up I was told that Narzan water and claret mixed badly.

This instance will give you an idea of the

Grand Duke's personal care for his guests. At Christmas the whole staff had roast beef and plum pudding in honor of General Williams.

Tea is served from 4 to 5.30 and from 10 till 11. These repasts are strictly informal.

The Commander-in-Chief sits at table until he sees that every one has finished, when he rises abruptly and strides into his office, followed by the Staff officers.

The work of the Staff is continuous, of course, but the hours are made as regular as possible, and opportunity for exercise is deliberately afforded, so that the force will maintain its high state of efficiency during the long war that is expected.

The work of the attachés is irregular. For days they may have no occupation. Then they are given important despatches, and for days and nights they have no rest. Given a mission, they must perform it or die, and not a few have done the latter. Among the former is Prince Cantacuzene, who is known to Americans as the grandson-in-law

of General Grant. He was desperately wounded at the outbreak of war, but is back at the front ready for more. Headquarters life would appear to be tedious for these men, but they get their excitement in such allopathic doses that a few days of quiet are welcome.

It was the season for the Russian woodcock, a bird of the partridge species as large as a turkey, and this was the subject of most of the conversation. The bird is only shot at sunrise, and my eye detected dust on the Commander's boots in the early morning.

His pictures show a stern face, and stern it is in repose, but my recollection will be of a man in a laughing exchange with his brother, or a smiling conversation with one of his guests.

Once I saw him in a fury. It was the day I came to say good by. He had just heard of a seventeen-year-old sister of mercy who had been assaulted by an entire raiding detail and who was then suffering from peritonitis and syphilis.

His aids, while sharing his feelings, were awed by their intensity.

He strode up to me as I approached, saying, "J'ai une prière particulière pour vous." It was that the perpetration of this horror be made known to the world.

The longest talk I had with the Grand Duke was after my journey through the Armies, when he asked particularly about what I had seen of the food the men were eating and of the sanitary arrangements. I was very glad to be able to make a satisfactory report as to both. The Grand Duke then talked about the War, about the difficulty from the lack of railroads, of the advantages which came from the simple style of living of the Russians, whereby the men needed less equipment and commissariat than their adversaries. To a man of his temperament Headquarters far from the front is galling. He suffered acutely at losses which must be suffered to make diversions.

I consider him the great soldier that the war produced. Certainly he is the unknown

quantity that threw out the forty years of methodical calculations of the German General Staff.

In the first month of the war he struck down Austrians with one hand and with the other dragged back the Prussians from the gates of Paris.

He has always been actively employed in military affairs, in the cavalry arm. Why he was not sent to Manchuria I do not know and cannot imagine.

However, after its conclusion he became under the Czar the leader in military reorganization, working in perfect accord with the Czar's selection as chief of Staff, General Yanouskevitch.

I have an idea that while the Grand Duke built up the Army and taught it battle tactics, General Yanouskevitch, who had been chief instructor in the War College, worked out the plans of campaigns, the details of the great strategic moves that have made the Russians the dictators of the course of the war since the middle of August.

Prince Toundoutoff

Time past, those in military authority realized the serious hardship imposed by lack of railroads in Poland and called for remedy. The war came before this work was begun.

Thus it is that while in the campaigns Germany has had the use of all the railroads that military foresight could devise, Russia has had less even than was needed for serving the territory in time of peace.

All summer and fall, the Kaiser's objective was to crush France, the Grand Duke's to pull back the attack until time and a plethora of factories should permit France and England to supply the *serious military deficiencies* which the war discovered.

Look up the dates of the Russian offensives and you will find that they come at the moments when the Franco-English armies are in critical condition.

Remember that these offensives involved the advance of hundreds of thousands of men into positions where they could be attacked by greater numbers, and you will realize on how gigantic a scale Nicolas Nicolai-

ovitch makes his diversions. Only once before in history has war been played on a similar grand and self-sacrificing scale. That was when Grant pinned the Army of Virginia to the ground by the assaults of that under his direct command and turned the flank by the advance of the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee under Sherman.

Once the reader has realized the fact that at the Marne and again at the Yser the German attack was stopped by the Russian advance, and he will appreciate whose initiative has governed the war.

In support of his allies, the Grand Duke has made two offensives against Germany and has suffered large local defeats, the second less than the first.

Hindenburg has undertaken two offensives against Russia to cripple her long enough to get time to finish France. The first time he was glad to get across the frontier with his army, the second he met a far more bloody repulse than Cold Harbor.

CHAPTER IV

Warsaw

At the Great Headquarters called by the Russians "Stavka" I remained several days waiting for the cinema machine which I was given permission to use to present an accurate picture of the Russian Army to America. When this "modern war correspondent" arrived I was despatched en tour, my first destination being Warsaw, where I was asked to photograph a soldier named Ignatoff Panatsuk, whose ears had been clipped with scissors by German staff officers to compel him to reveal the whereabouts of the Russian forces.

The train we boarded was one running from Moscow to Warsaw. Service was disarranged by the war. There were none of the luxurious state sleeping cars nor "wagon lits," but there were compartments for every

two people, — the seats made up into beds, and our overcoats had been made with an eye to their use as blankets.

There were signs of war on every hand, — trains of troops going to the front, trains of prisoners going to prison camps, but what impressed me more was the number of civilian passengers. Certainly the war had made less impression here than upon the civil population in France.

I arrived at Warsaw in the afternoon. The surprise I felt in the first few minutes grew through my entire stay into a feeling of almost boundless admiration.

A few weeks before I had found Paris deserted. The German Army was nearer to Warsaw than it was to Paris, and had been much nearer than it had ever approached to the French capital.

I expected to find Warsaw desolate. I knew that there would be movements of troops, policemen on the street corners, and watchmen in the houses. I was sure the streets would be empty.

The sight that met me was of a city living as in time of peace. The streets were as crowded as in any other metropolis, and as rules of the road are unknown in Poland, they were twice as congested.

However, it is very hard to believe things can be different from what you expected them to be, so when that night I found a party of fifty men of Warsaw dining at the Sportsmen's Club, I put them down as property owners who had sent their families away and had remained behind to look after their affairs, not appreciating that it is customary in that country for the men to dine together very much as it is customary with us for them to lunch together.

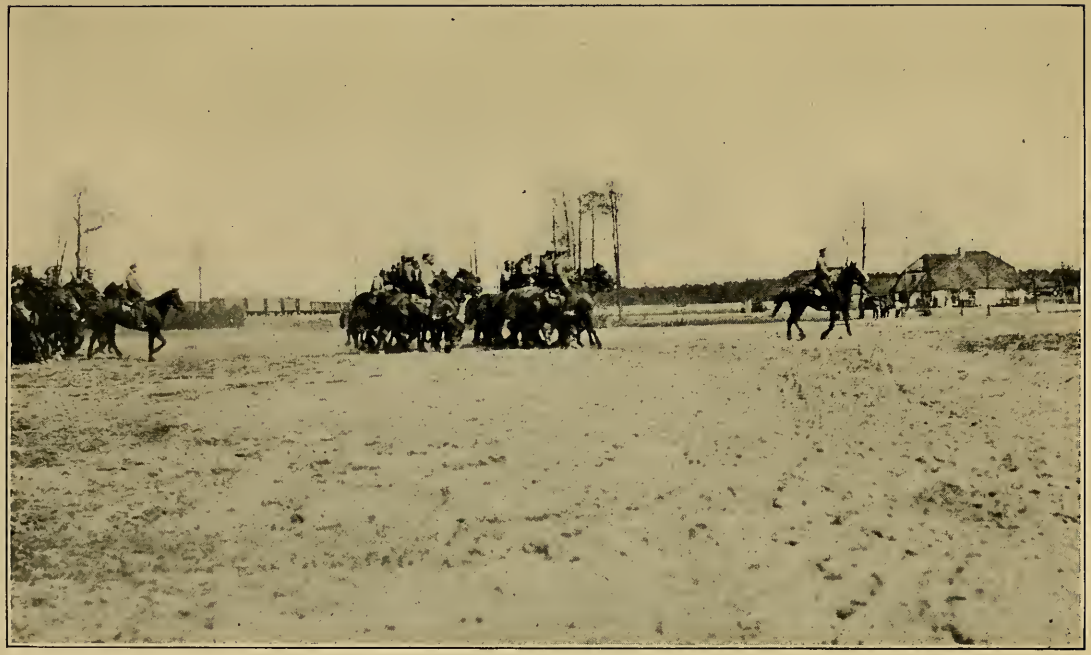
Later at a reception when I met the ladies of Warsaw playing bridge not many miles from the firing line I felt my first real thrill, but when the following day I found these same ladies in the hospitals, not superintending and directing and fussing, but doing the actual work of nursing, handing the instruments to the doctors with their own

hands, bandaging ghastly wounds, when I saw one woman sitting at the bedside of a dying Mongol boy and expending a passion of tenderness to save that strange life, I realized that I had come upon something that was worth travelling twelve thousand miles to see. No one who has visited Warsaw in time of war can doubt women's mission in the world.

If you turn to the map, you will see that Warsaw is the centre of a semicircle of fighting armies. From it radiate railroads to several battle fronts, and hence into it are brought a large proportion of the wounded in this greatest of wars.

I wish many American Red Cross officials could come to Warsaw and see how it rose to meet the cataclysm.

Of course, the existing hospitals were totally insufficient to meet the demands for aid. The citizens of Warsaw immediately organized a hospital with two thousand beds under the direction of Madame De Bispang. They took the Cadet barracks, put in elec-



Kazak Cavalry

tric light throughout, rounded all the corners of the rooms and halls, painted white the walls, collected cots and linen and blankets. They equipped in the most complete manner ten operating rooms for major operations, two more for gangrenous cases, one for dentistry, and one for operations on nose and throat. They found surgeons to operate in all of these. They installed a complete bacteriological laboratory, and in it are preparing serum. Cholera serum was being made whilst I was there, in anticipation of the possible epidemic with the coming of summer. Never at any time have they been short of anæsthetics or antiseptics.

Another hospital that I went through was that of the Grand Duchess Maria Pavolova, also completely and scientifically equipped throughout, and there are many more, the largest being a hospital of six thousand beds, as needs must when a single battle furnished thirty thousand wounded Russians alone.

Those with large houses to give have cheerfully turned them into hospitals. At Vilanof,

the former home of the King Jan Sobieski, Count Branitski maintains forty beds; a relative, the Countess Branitska, opened her city residence to wounded officers and later to wounded soldiers, living herself in a lodge next door. The Countess Joseph Potocka nursed wounded soldiers in her home, while her two sons were on Red Cross duty at the front. And these are not all, but merely a representative few. Under the same skilful management evacuation hospitals have been created in the railroad stations, where the less seriously wounded are taken from the trains to rest on their way to their final lazarettes. So absorbed are these people in their work of mercy that they hardly heed the daily bombs from air men — baby killers they call them.

Anybody would have been surprised at such an extraordinary accomplishment, but I was the more surprised because I had heard in the hotel lobbies in Petrograd a lot of rumors of a shocking lack of hospital facilities and attendants. Such stories, I suppose,

are current in hotel lobbies back of all the battle lines and receive ready credulity from those who are unable or unwilling to ascertain the truth.

In addition to all this there are committees large and committees small from the central organization in Warsaw to the little hamlet committees in rear of the battle line.

How much work there is for these committees to do is hard to explain to peace-blessed America. We have our unemployment problems, but our unemployed are largely of the transient class well able by nature and practice to look out for themselves, but here the idle are largely land-owners or tenant farmers, at the least driven from their homes by stress of war and quite unable to fend for themselves under new conditions.

Food must be found for them and roofs and work. It is heartbreaking labor for the committees, but it is invaluable discipline and experience for the future.

After witnessing for several days these

monuments of mercy I was delighted to learn from Chamberlain-Squire Lysyczynski, aide-de-camp to General Governor Engalitcheff, that arrangements were in progress to restore Home Rule to Poland.

The election for municipal offices of Warsaw was about to be held while I was there, and ways were being discussed of organizing a Polish Parliament, even while hostile armies were fighting on her soil, and while a portion of it was occupied by the enemy.

On Poland's past I am no historian and certainly not a critic, but I do not doubt — and no one who has seen the power of organization developed in caring for the wounded can doubt — Poland's power of self-government.

It is in the hospitals that the horrors of war are found. I do not know how the people of Warsaw have stood them for so many months. I could not have done so.

Once I was taken to the bedside of a patient who spoke English. He said that he had worked in the Steel Mills in South Chicago.

Thinking to cheer him up, I said we would be glad to see him in Chicago after the war, and he replied, — "Oh, I can never go back to America." "Why?" said I, and in answer he lifted the bedcovers, showing two stumps where his legs had been and over his face came an expression that I would not describe if I could.

There is nothing that money and ingenuity can do that has not been done by the people of Warsaw for these wrecked lives. The most modern artificial limbs are supplied to all who can use them, and the pleasure of those simple people in finding that they will be able to move again is pathetic.

Harrowing as are all these sights, the blind are the worst. One man I saw and stopped spellbound at his misery. I was told that I might photograph him, as he would not know it. Nothing could have made me do so. It is enough that his expression should be seared upon my memory for ever.

Oh! you who forbid means of defence to our country, what agony are you storing up

for your countrymen who will have to fight without preparation and suffer without limit when we are invaded!

I made Warsaw my headquarters, motoring out from there to the armies. The trips themselves were full of interest, for they crossed the battle fields of the German high tide in September.

By following the trenches and rifle pits one could get a good idea of the minor tactics, the size of the protections indicating how long any position had been occupied, the thickness of the graves showing the stubbornness of the fight. The roads, too, were full of transport, artillery and Red Cross trains.

Additional interest was added by our chauffeur. This man was selected apparently because he was too small for the army. He was not the best chauffeur in the world and it is possible that he was not the worst. He had no idea of the relation between the speed of vehicles and the distance between them. He could not reach his footbrake, but

Range Finder for Air-gun Battery

that did not matter, as the brake was out of order all the time.

Two things he did know: that it takes speed to cover long distances and that a staff officer's car has the right of way; so whenever his engine was in shape ran a mile a minute, or better.

He taught me that the danger of automobile accidents has been greatly exaggerated. He would tear past miles of terrified transport horses that would rear and plunge and threaten to back into our side of the road, but none ever did, although I saw one Siberian pony jump into an empty wagon.

We travelled over five hundred miles together and only had one accident, when we knocked over a carriage and two officers. The collision was so outrageously the fault of our chauffeur and might easily have proved serious that I looked for an outburst of temper. None came. It would have been a confession that the collision had disturbed the officers.

Such calm seemed extreme to me, but I

was told that it is impossible to be too unaffected by danger.

Speaking of danger, — I came to know the chief aviator of the Warsaw camp very well. Before the war he was not a member of the aviation corps of the army, but a rich young man who made flying his hobby. Now he was able to turn his hobby to the service of the nation. He had frequently attacked hostile airmen in the sky.

He asked me if the rich young men of America did not make flying a hobby with the same object in view. When I replied in the negative, he asked me, "Why?" I hesitated for a while, and then with a very red face replied, "It is considered too dangerous."

There were soldiers in Warsaw from all parts of the Empire and in different kinds of attire. One night we found at table one Pole in full dress evening suit, one private volunteer soldier in blouse, one officer in full dress, Prince Toundoutoff in the field uniform of the Horse Guards, one Cossack of the

Caucasus in flowing robe, fur cap and inlaid sword, one American national guardsman in field uniform with khaki shirt and knee-high surveyor boots. Somebody thought of a photographer to make a picture of this company of extremes, and I sent for my campaign hat to make the types more distinct. Everybody refused to believe it could be part of the uniform, calling it a Panama, and insisted that I should not make a joke of a picture that would be of permanent interest!

In Warsaw I met the famous war correspondents Stanley Washburn and John Bass, and also the American military attaché Lieut. Sherman Miles. They were the only Americans in evidence and as a consequence the reputation of Americans is exceedingly good there.

Warsaw is a delightful city inhabited by charming people and I am going back there after the war is over — or before.

CHAPTER V

On the Rawka Battle Line

The following are accounts of two trips from Warsaw to the Rawka front written at the time. I reproduce them here, as they were written then "to save the growth of time."

The size and number of shells fired in one's direction in a given battle have a growth as steady as a century plant. Only the distances by which they missed one shrink!

From these articles perhaps may be gathered the psychological effect of living in the atmosphere of war upon a "civilian soldier" of rather phlegmatic temperament.

General Smirnoff

Saturday, April 18th, was a hodgepodge day. It began with a visit to the castle of

Vilanof built by the Polish king, John Sobieski, who saved Vienna from the Turks. Here Count Braniski conducts a private hospital for wounded men, among whom is a Polish peasant sixty years of age, shot through the breast by direction of a Prussian officer for objecting to the burning of his home. He was left where he fell, and remained two days and two nights until the Russian advance from Warsaw. Better for him if he had died where he lay, as under the circumstances of his life tuberculosis is almost inevitable, and besides, an arm paralyzed from the wound will keep him from the cultivation of his little farm, whereby he earns his bread.

From Vilanof on through fields sown thick with graves, where the decisive battle of the Fall campaign was fought. On past line after line of covered trench and breastworks, past labyrinths of wire entanglements, the new forts, stronger than stone or concrete. On over the road worn deep in ruts by German heavy cannon, past rows of trees stripped naked of their branches to make artillery

cover. They looked so queer and bare in the morning sunlight that I stopped to photograph them and the crowds of Polish refugees, who find in road repairing much needed work while the stranger furrows their lands with intrenching ploughs. And so we came to a pleasant country house, remarkable only in an astounding number of telephone wires running from an open window. This is the headquarters of the second army, inherited in all its thoroughness of equipment from the beaten enemy.

From the road it seemed as though the general had been careful to find comfortable quarters, but an inside inspection showed that the entire house was given up to the business of the army and that the general in command contented himself with one small combined bed and sitting room.

In this unpretentious salon he received us and then led the way into the flower garden to show where a German aërial bomb had fallen a few hours before. The explosion had shattered the neighboring windows and

steel fragments had melted the pickets of an iron fence like cheese. The "visit" was about to be returned, so, after tea, we followed the general to the aviation field.

Approaching this, I saw the familiar sight of field artillery cocked up on end as anti-air-craft guns. I had seen the same scheme at Neuve Chapelle in France, but there was a difference in detail of method.

In France the trail is lowered into a hole and the wheels are skidded around for aiming on two small concentric iron tracks. Range is established by a telescopic field range finder.

In Russia the cannon wheels rest on a central wooden platform, and, to get the requisite elevation, the trail is let down into a circular excavation cut around the platform.

To obtain the exactitude of range necessary for wing shooting, a "jack-knife" method has been devised indicative of a high state of originality in the Russian artillery arm.

We were still a little early for the depar-

ture of the bomb droppers, as the general planned to time their trip so that they would have daylight by which to aim their bombs and nightfall to protect their return. In the meantime he held a practice drill of the air battery, and to make the spectacle more realistic sent up a repaired German aëroplane shot down by this same battery a while before.

Around sailed the airship, around the Russian gunners swung their guns, giving evidence of the tremendous physical strength, which is a distinctive feature of this army. I stood with one of the range-finding officers and was impressed with the superiority of his contrivance over the automatic range finder used in France.

As the general approached the flying machine, mechanics and air men alike came to a rigid attention. For from the adventurers of the air is required the same degree of discipline as from the soldiers in the trenches.

We were introduced to Poirret, the French Beachey, and to the famous Creusot. I

snapped a picture of the latter's smiling face. When it reaches America, may it not appear as an obituary!

The final bombs were being loaded as we arrived.

Oh! the tenseness of that atmosphere. Six fine young men were starting out to kill or be killed. One realized how thin is the veneer of civilization to breathe that electrified air. I think the dignified old general, veteran and hero of many wars, would have given one of his stars to take that voyage.

Poirret, the looper of loops, was plainly excited, but Creusot discussed engines, steering devices, and airman's clothes with apparent unconcern, only in his eyes could be seen the fire that burned within.

I wonder what occupation that gallant will find if he survives the war.

Up rose the graceful destroyers, circling to the heights. Small targets they presented when they turned their beaks toward the foe.

We dined in Russian style, with all the

delightful appetizers that country affords, and we drank in light wine to the safe return of the voyagers. Colonel "Billy" (Nicholas Billaeff, Colonel de la Garde) of the artillery and professor of metallurgy in peace, interpreted for the general, but had little work to do until report came of the airmen's safe return.

After dinner we left for home and found Warsaw dark in expectation of Zeppelin attack.

In my diary of April 11th is written the name of a Russian general, Pierre Sakharoff, who gave us a day of days because of his friendship for America. Thank Heaven, we rose early that day.

Our way lay straight west over the road the Germans had marched to attack Warsaw and again on the retreat.

They came within eight miles of the city and were expecting to crown a prince of Saxony as king when the Russian guard arrived — but that is history, not reminiscence.

Down this road we came bumping in the German ruts and wondering whether the aëroplane flying high above would expend a shell upon so small an object as an automobile. It did not, and we came to the corps headquarters.

Here we met Mr. Goutschkoff, former chairman of the Duma, and his wife, a delightful pair of warriors. Mr. Goutschkoff gained experience fighting with the Boers, and his wife is a Red Cross veteran of the Japanese and Balkan wars. They showed us the corps, division, and field hospitals, splendid examples of medical efficiency.

The corps hospital, in a whitewashed house, was complete to operating table and chloroform. The division hospital had been installed in a church, but was now in tents, bricks from the shell-demolished structure serving as a floor. Polish boys, high school boys we should call them, acted as orderlies, and women, true to their heaven-sent mission, were patiently suffering in mind for the wounded in body.

A light tramway had been constructed from the division hospital to the corps headquarters to save the wounded the bumping over the roads, an indication of the care given to Russian wounded and also of their number.

Polish peasants were being fed with the soldiers' food — poor victims of a war not theirs.

Hospital sights are very depressing, and I was glad when we had finished our investigation.

What is the strange psychology that causes the mind depressed by the sight of wounded men to be cheered by the sound of the cannon that wounded them, the popping corks of the wine of death?

What is it causes the drunkard to gladden at the sight of liquor, the drug victim to smile at the poisonous needle? Is it that, born to die, we have an affinity for what destroys and draw back only when too late?

Whatever the explanation, our party brightened as the guns began to sound above the

carriage wheels which bore us on the third stage of our journey.

A shell hole blocked the road before the general's door, a chance visitor which had killed a sentry at the rear one day while the general was on the firing line.

The general himself was in the garden, a kindly man who welcomed us with a short speech as representatives of the great American nation, in which he has spent delightful hours and which he delighted to honor. The division was ours to command.

A cavalry drill was arranged and a review of infantry. He was about to bombard a German sap. Yes, and if we wanted to very much, we could enter the trenches. But we must be careful. He would never forgive himself if we should be hurt while his guests. Then interested questions as to the success of the San Francisco exposition, and before we knew it we were among a sotnia of Cossack cavalry. Called sotnia from the number *sot* — 100 men.

The Cossacks are humpy looking men

with round fur caps and sheepskin coats? They never wash or shave? Also they have more wives than teeth?

Yes, I have been to Buffalo Bill's and seen them, too. Apparently Buffalo Bill has got them all. At least I have not seen any of that kind in Russia.

The Russians know something about this reputation. When I first came to Headquarters the Grand Duke asked me as a pleasantry to pick out the Cossack officers. This was puzzling, as no one present could come within my preconceived opinion of them, least of all the three blond, close-cropped young men who always smiled so affably at my confusion.

When the soldiers were dismounted there was nothing to indicate the Cossack, unless it was that the horses seemed too nervous to drill. But when they mounted and swung into line! Sons of Castor and Pollux! Nothing but international polo can equal it.

They wheeled, and they countermarched, and they charged.

They formed a skirmish line on foot, and they leaped back on their mounts. I cannot describe it, but the cinema can — cinema, the modern war correspondent.

My admiration for the horses was so unbounded that an officer lent me his mount, a velvet-mouthed animal with a trot that one could either sit or rise to; and thus we came to a regiment of infantry drawn up for review.

This regiment contained 3060 men as we saw it. It had already lost 6000 killed and wounded. I wondered how many of the original number remained.

The general greeted his men heartily.

"Good morning, boys."

"Good health to your excellency," roared back the regiment.

I had already learned that the general loved his men. The tone of the men's reply showed that they loved their general.

And how they stood at attention! Developing that cohesion of mind that will hold them together when the next great trial comes.

I had a good chance to look them over as we rode up and down the line. I saw that the officers set good examples in bearing to their men. In particular I noticed a red-bearded captain holding a great curved sword, a splendid type.

The regiment turned into column and, band leading, passed before the general.

The Russian quick step is three and one-half miles an hour. The stride is slow and long. It gives the sense of the inevitable, and of those hordes which have been so often advertised at the expense of the remarkable organization and military preparation through which Russia, alone of the Allies, was able to cope with Germany at the outbreak of war.

The men marched to their cantonments in the trees a furlong away, broke ranks, and gathered along the edge of the wood to look at the man with the camera and the officer in the strange yellow overcoat. Then I noticed how well their uniforms blended with the background. If they had taken cover, not a man could have been seen.

Still on horseback, we continued to the battery that was to shell the sap. I have seen batteries well hidden in straw stacks and in woods and dug into the ground, but this one was like a bug in a rug. Fifteen feet away not a gun could be seen, except along the line to the rear, upon which the sighting point was established.

In this glade we set the moving picture machine to make a scenario of a Russian battery in action, but our picture was short; the second shell landed in the sap itself.

We in the peaceful glade had seen what appeared to be a fire drill. Yet it had brought death to men and widowhood to women.

Now we are to visit the place where the wine of death is spilled. A hard gallop over a natural bridle path, a visit to a battery of heavy artillery of the type the French have recently copied, a lighter and faster shooting type than the German or English, another little ride, and we are dismounting before a platoon of infantry at the edge of a wood.

An embarrassed round-faced boy with

sergeant's stripes and a cross of St. George on his chest steps forward and shouts a report to the general, quite drowning the report of rifles, which have been growing louder as we approach.

An agile middle-aged colonel steps out of the woods like Robin Hood, and, after introductions, we advance on foot.

The colonel is explaining that the outbreak of war found him in a garrison on the Afghanistan border as we reach the communication trenches and Thompson shouts from the rear:

"I suppose that this is the wine cellar, colonel," stealing my stuff.

Cellar of the wine of death it is, and even as we later proceed to the firing trench shuffling feet and tender hands bear to the rear all that was mortal of a soldier of the Czar.

Ivan Ivanovitch had survived the fifty days' butchery from Lodz to Warsaw and back to the Rawka to fall before a sniper's bullet.

Brave, patient, uncomplaining Ivan! He

has pushed the Czar's borders from the Baltic to the Pacific, and now his steady walk is driving it to the Mediterranean Sea, this time to remain.

A large army has preceded him where he has gone; a larger one will follow before the war is over.

But now to lunch.

The trench winds continually to prevent enfilading fire and to limit the effect of a fortunately placed shell. Around one of the curves we find a cave opening to the rear. In the cave is a table and on the table all kinds of good things to eat. Caviare, sardines, cheese, canned lobster, cake, more caviare, radishes, cold meat, and to drink tea, weak tea, sweet tea, only tea. Like other Europeans, the Russians do not drink water. How often have I longed to turn on the faucet and get one real cold drink of water!

We eat heartily to the smattering fire of rifles and the occasional burst of a near-by shell. Soon music comes to wait on appetite;

a soldier with an accordion plays the lays of the Russian peasantry. From elsewhere in the ground appear two mustached soldiers, face each other, and begin to dance.

The "lady" partner is bespangled with a cross of honor won in light housekeeping with a bayonet (on outpost duty). "She" shows a nice proportion of embarrassment and coquetry to her partner, who has this post of distinction because he is one of the few men of the company who have lived through the whole of the war to date.

I realize now that I should have brought a recording talking machine as well as a cinema. The sounds of modern war are more impressive than the sights, even as they are in the hospitals. The film will show the dancing men, the dreamy musicians, the noble general and his officers, but memory must supply the music, the rifle fire, and the bursting shells.

I linger over the meal. It is my great hour: to them only a break in the monotony of trench warfare.

Luncheon over, we advance again — our party reduced by the general's orders to himself, the colonel, Thompson, Toundoutoff, Captain Lyszczynski, and me; ah, yes, there also is our good friend Colonel "Billy" in the lead.

We pass through a labyrinth of communication and supporting trenches filled with curious soldiers thronging to see the strangers, and so into the firing trench.

This is a splendid affair, with a shrapnel-proof head cover and loopholes about two feet apart. By means of a step cut in the bank a second line of men can fire above the roof. The Germans are firing freely, but the Russians with admirable discipline are not returning a shot or "rubber-necking."

Through the loopholes little can be seen, as it is not safe to look from one for more than a moment. A periscope is therefore produced, and I am enabled to take a deliberate look over the battlefield.

I see — nothing. Yes, I see an occasional puff as of vapor, where the snipers are work-

ing, then by focussing a field glass into the periscope I detect about fifty yards away the wire entanglements of the German army, and behind that a line in the earth where lies the firing trench.

Crack — bluck!

I have been too deliberate. A good glass has detected the periscope and a sharpshooter has hoped to find a weak spot where the officer's head is revealed. "Fooled again," I think with unreasonable spite as I move on.

Now Thompson has the machine up and is grinding away at a real battle scene. The Germans are firing fast, the crack of their rifles, the bluck of the bullets in the parapet, and the strange crack-whistle of those flying overhead being continuous.

Shells are falling to our left. It is as noisy as a battle scene in a theatre and no danger of fire. No, nor panic here.

Our general, however, has not been on the stage. He smiles quietly and says "boom" when a shell explodes near, and "ping" as a bullet whistles by. The soldiers are stolid and keep well away from the loopholes.

Thompson wants to climb out of the trench to take the smoke puffs across the way, but meets a smiling refusal. It would be certain death. So he has to turn his camera and take the bullet-torn trees behind to show he is at the front.

The "show" over, we review the rest of the regiments in the trenches standing beside their loopholes, as on parade. One young giant is so much on parade that a well-fed stomach half blocks the passage. The colonel pokes it playfully and the recruit straightens up with a delightful and embarrassed grin, very anxious to please the regiment's father. Where else is found this particular relationship between officer and man?

Again we zigzag through the approaches, the drunken staggerings of the wine of death.

The regimental volunteer meets us, a twelve-year-old typical kind. His face is wet with honest sweat, from carrying our presents, two empty shrapnel cases and fuses. He is freckled and sunburnt. He has a speech to make, but has forgotten it. And there is not an

American boy alive who does not envy him.

To horse, and the reserve battalion roars a hearty farewell. A hospitable battery fires a salute and as an echo resound the shells exploding in the German trenches.

Ten miles of glorious sunset back to dinner and a real surprise — drinking water — not iced, but boiled and cooled.

The regimental band plays through the meal, and the officers stand as "My Country, 'tis of Thee" swells through the darkening forest.

The guest from far-off Illinois tried to utter a word of thanks, but compromises with a vigorous use of his handkerchief. A strange fog is around the flickering candles. I would like to have companions like these in the event that — the event that —

I look through the shattered window and as in confirmation of my thought see the sun set, flashing like a battle flag from across wire entanglements.

CHAPTER VI

Through Galicia

We returned from Warsaw to the town which was occupied as Headquarters because we heard that the Emperor had come there, but when we arrived at the railroad crossing hamlet we found the "palace on wheels," as I had named it, gone.

The Emperor had departed for Galicia by express. We followed by freight. Toundoutoff had the excellent idea of travelling by automobile and even ordered one, only to learn that all the automobiles had been taken by the Imperial party.

We traveled to Brody and then changed to the train on the Austrian railroad.

When Russia adopted the wide gauge she showed great economic foresight, but handicapped her military. It is a simple thing to

narrow gauges, but a military impossibility to widen bridges and tunnels.

The trip was absorbing to me as we were travelling with Russian troops. Certain of my observations are better reserved for the chapter on the Russian Army, but the human side is best told as I saw it.

The soldiers sat and stood around the doors of their cars and looked with mild interest on what they considered Russia Irradenta. When they sang they sang in low voices and mostly in minor key. There was no boisterousness.

There were no beggars for food along the way, but crowds of children came to the track, apparently in quest of sugar, because this is what the soldiers gave them.

The great treat of the trip was the spectacle of two little Austrian children, hand in hand, singing as best they could the Austrian national hymn. Apparently they had found this a favorite with the Austrian soldiers when they were here and had never learned the difference between friends and enemies.

Prepared Reserve Trench

The Front Trench in the Carpathians, taken from between the Opposing Lines

My camera caught a Cossack of the Caucasus playing with them, and many other pictures of similar nature.

When the first prisoners' trains were met there was a crowding around the cars. I hurried over to see how the prisoners were treated and found the soldiers giving them cigarettes.

At one stop a prisoner heard me speaking to Thompson and hailed me in German-American. There was no doubt in his mind as to my nationality.

"How are you getting on?" I asked, and he replied, "I ain't got no complaint to make." I would have liked to ask him a hundred questions, but his train pulled out and I had to step back to make room for the cigarette givers, who ran along beside the train to share their small store of comforts with the prisoners.

We arrived at Lemberg about midnight. The station — a far better one than any in Chicago — was crowded with refugees sleeping on the floor, the window seats, — everywhere.

Thompson very properly wanted to take a flashlight of the scene, but the station master objected that it would disturb the sleepers. I think he was right.

An automobile the next morning took us to Peremysl. We happened to be following in the wake of the Emperor, and I had a fair idea of the way in which his person is guarded.

All along the way — fifty miles or more — mounted policemen were stationed at each side of the road at intervals of about a quarter of a mile. Automobiles of the Imperial suite passed both ways, but these were more likely travelling on business than protection.

We entered Peremysl by a road that did not run near any of the great forts but did pass between two of the ancient fortifications on the outskirts of the city. They were so small and so clearly outlined as to be valueless against heavy artillery fire, but with their moats strengthened by barbed wire and chevaux de frise, and with their ancient cannons replaced by machine guns, they were doughty obstacles to infantry attack.

In the city I saw nothing to show that a siege had taken place. The streets were well filled with people going about as in time of peace. The stores were opened and there appeared to be as much activity as one would expect in a city of that size.

It was only when we came to the river that we saw any signs of war. All the bridges had been broken down. The light Russian transport was easily crossing on pontoons. One of the broken spans had been utilized for a foot passage and work was going on apparently to make permanent repairs to another bridge.

While taking moving pictures of the bridge, a policeman asked for our permit, — the only occasion upon which this was required while I was in Russia.

Returning, I stopped to photograph a large park of position artillery. Most of it was mounted on wheels for transportation over the roads, and I saw a few heavy pieces on special carriages on the narrow-gauge railroad, which the investing army had built around

the city the better to transport ammunition and supplies to the soldiers. The heavy guns had only arrived from Japan on the eve of surrender and had not even been put in position.

On the way back to Lemberg our automobile broke down, — a fortunate accident, because we were able to stop and enter one of the Imperial machines that was preceding the Emperor to Lemberg. It was by far the most perfect automobile I have ever seen. Of course, the tires and springs of the machine were of the best make. In addition, the seats were separate armchairs specially designed to absorb the shock of rough roads.

There was a collapsible top which when raised in place made a perfect limousine with glass windows on all sides, but which could be taken down in its entirety, leaving an open touring car.

We arrived in Lemberg at night and found the sidewalks thronged with people waiting to see the Emperor return. He must have dined at the fortress, for it was some time

after I was in bed that the cheering of the crowds told me of his arrival.

The first person I met on the street the next day was General Danieloff, — one of the highest ranking generals in the Russian Army. The second man I met was General Yanouskevitch, Chief of Staff of all the Russian armies. These important officers were entirely alone. The first was out to look at the city; the second was shopping to buy a few presents for his family.

I was surprised to find such high officers strolling around a captured town unguarded. They would have been easy victims for any persecuted civilian nursing revenge. I therefore assumed that they knew there had been no persecution to call for revenge.

I spent the day walking round the city, looking at the handsome architecture and talking with such shopkeepers as could understand French or English.

The city was not booming, — at the same time, it was far from desolate. The greater part of the stores were open, but they were

not doing much business, as the wealthier residents — Poles — were away.

I told all the storekeepers that I was an American, and bringing the subject round to the war, asked about the conduct of the Russian soldiers. There was not one complaint of brutality or robbery or extortion. One man objected to the prohibition of the sale of alcohol, which is absolute.

The General Governor Bobrinski obeys the rule he enforces. He has not tasted wine since the war began, although before that, he told me, he invariably drank it with his meals.

The same night I attended a variety show of the Cafe Chantante variety, where liquid refreshments were served. The bulk of the patronage was composed of officers, — very young officers. It occurred to me that young men of that age in a captured city would undoubtedly get out of hand sometimes if liquor were available, and that the prohibition of the sale of liquor, to which the inhabitant had objected, was the only way to insure him from insult or assault.

One of the Inner Forts of Peremysl

Most of the artistes were Poles, but one girl sang the "Grisly Bear" with an unmistakable American accent.

During the day permission had been obtained from the Grand Duke for me to visit the front in the Carpathians.

War on the flats I had seen in France and Belgium and on the Rawka and Narew fronts in Poland. So much greater therefore was my pleasure in being allowed to look at the war in the mountains.

By motor, therefore, we started early the next morning, and took the course that General Brousiloff's army followed after the battle of Gnila-Lipa.

The Austrians had been fighting in retreat and had trenches dug for them by the population in the rear. On every crest facing to the east were trenches varying in completeness from kneeling trenches to finished field works.

The successive steps of the Russian advance could be seen by the little mounds that had been dug with intrenching tools in irregular

lines, spaced 50 to 100 yards apart. As our road wound around the ends of the Austrian front we found similar mounds where the Russians had attacked on the flank and facing them hastily improvised protections where the Austrians had thrown out flank guards.

The fields were thickly dotted with graves that showed to us hurrying by no sign of distinction between friend and foe.

What the relative mortality of the pursuing and the pursued is in warfare of this kind it will take impartial investigation after the war to determine, but I gathered the impression that if the retreating troops are not disorganized, and if they leave their successive shelters soon enough, they must inflict greater losses than they receive.

If there had been any monotony in our journey it would have been relieved by the countless herds of cattle which had been collected and were being driven to supply the troops in the field. The war butcher cannot discriminate in his meat. We saw blooded bulls and cows in milk, and calves of all sizes.

The transport trains showed the signs of an invading army. There were not only captured Austrian army wagons, larger and heavier than the Russian, and Galician farmers' wagons, but carts and carriages, some of them very good ones, loaded down with provisions and ammunition. There was a considerable sprinkling of Austrian horses among the Russian ponies, from large farm horses that were worn out with the distance that the ponies marched daily to blooded carriage horses.

We came upon long trains of Austrian prisoners, most of them happy and well, but some footsore and ill. There was about one guard for every 100 prisoners, and the sick and sore-footed were allowed to sit down on the roadside at will to wait for returning wagons to carry them. Evidently there was no attempt on the part of the prisoners to escape.

There is a standing joke among the Russians of a non-commissioned officer coming into camp with his consignment of prisoners

and being told that the men counted did not correspond with the number delivered him. "What?" he asked, "am I short?" In reply the officer said, "No, you have ten more men than you started with."

I can account for the attitude of the prisoners only on two grounds, — many of them are of the Slav race and feel as much or more at home among the Russians as among the Austrians. Others are from the cities and would have no idea how to escape or how to live in the mountains if they did escape. Such a paucity of escorts could never have kept Siberians, or men from the Caucasus, or Kazaks, or cowboys.

We stopped for lunch at Sambor, the headquarters of the army. There I found a double interest in the strong personality of the Commanding General and in a meeting of officers of the Order of St. George, called to award medals to such officers as had deserved them.

The cross of St. George for officers is not awarded by a commanding general or even by the Czar himself. When a conspicuous

act has taken place, or from time to time, the officers of this Order in each army are called together to propose to the Emperor for reward such officers as they think are particularly deserving.

This has three effects. First, no officer can obtain the insignia by influence in high place, — with us it would be politics. Second, the officers conferring the reward will not give it to one less deserving than themselves. Third, the Order being the property of the members, is greatly cherished by them, and a member of the Order always feels the obligation of preserving its reputation.

Shortly before our arrival, two companies of Cossacks of the Imperial Guard had performed an extraordinary piece of heroism in fighting six companies of the Prussian Imperial Guard. The Czar in person had handed the Cross of St. George for soldiers to every surviving member, but the surviving officer had to wait until the Council of the Officers judged him worthy. It was just to pass on this particular case that the conference which I had the pleasure of seeing was called.

The act in question was the ambushing of six companies of Prussian Guards by two companies of Cossacks of the Russian Imperial Guard.

The Muscovite commander had held his little force hidden until the enemy approached within fifty yards and then opened fire with machine guns and rifles. When the enemy, surprised and decimated, retreated into a ravine, he followed, and with hand grenades and bayonets destroyed or captured the whole force.

During the meal I studied this man's face carefully to see the expression of such a crafty and dashing warrior. The features were not marked, the expression was studious, the manner mild. He hardly spoke through the meal, and, when introducing him the general mentioned his exploit, he was plainly embarrassed.

There are four Orders of the Cross of St. George for officers.

The fourth Order, to which officers are first elected, is a small white enamelled cross hung

Two Austrian Children Singing Austrian Hymns to Russian Soldiers

Kazak Officer Playing with Austrian Children in Galicia

on a yellow and black striped ribbon and worn over the heart.

The third Order, somewhat larger, is hung from the second button of the tunic.

The second Order, of which the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaiovitch is the only possessor at present, is worn at the throat.

The first Order is only given to the commanding general finishing a successful campaign. I am told it is a large six-pointed star sown on the tunic over the heart.

When in Moscow I visited the Hall of the Order of St. George. The name of every member of the Order is engraved on the walls. I did not ask any questions about the nature of the Order, but I gathered that it is organized along the lines of the Templars and of Masonic organizations.

The railroad up from Sambor runs through many tunnels and over many bridges and the wagon road crosses the river frequently. Two of the railroad bridges are more than three hundred feet high and a half mile long. Just one span of one of these has been

destroyed; not a single blast of dynamite was exploded in a railroad tunnel. I failed to notice from the plains to the mountain crests any point where the highroad had been damaged.

We know now that these had been left intact to be used in the advance which has recently taken place.

The villages along the way were mostly ruins, but this was due to retreating and advancing artillery fire and to hand bombs, but not to deliberate destruction by either army.

My voyage up the mountain road occurred on Sunday, which was interesting, as the natives were in their Sunday clothing, resembling for all the world the chorus of a light opera. Their relations with the soldiers were extremely cordial. Girls chatted with the young soldiers at the roadside and respectable citizens smoked amicably with non-commissioned officers.

As I had found it in France so I found it in Galicia. The citizens who had been in the

Rear View of the Front Trench in the Carpathians

immediate theatre of war were ruined, but those near by were getting rich selling supplies to the soldiers.

Zigzagging up the mountain road we came upon a novelty of this war, a bath train. In permanent positions bath rooms can be fitted out in houses or bath huts can be built. In warm weather soldiers can bathe in rivers and in lakes, but for soldiers advancing and fighting in winter time, baths are not easy to provide.

Whether from home instruction or military training the Russian soldiers are most cleanly, but men cannot keep clean in the firing trenches. Hence the bath train close behind the advance positions, to which the men were brought as often as practicable.

There are lice in all the armies of this war, and lice are believed to be the carriers of typhus. The Austrian army is infected with typhus and the Russian armies in the Carpathians were constantly taking Austrian trenches and Austrian prisoners; thus the danger of a typhus epidemic was ever present.

To combat this the bath train was especially devised. Every soldier was given hot steam and then a shower bath and furnished with clean clothes. His own clothes were washed and disinfected and passed on to another soldier of equal size. When sickness appeared in any company, this company was given a special trip to the bath train.

We spent the night at a corps headquarters and the next day advanced to a division on the firing line.

In modern warfare, even the corps commander is located well in the rear; the general of the division is the officer of highest rank to appear at the scene of fighting. I was fortunate in arriving just as the general of this particular division was starting out to look over a battlefield recently won from the enemy, and to plan for the morrow.

Mountain warfare is the only warfare these days where anything can be seen. Heights can be selected which if not out of range are at least out of the zone of artillery fire, and if an attack happens to be raging in

the neighborhood, a good pair of field glasses will let the spectator in on the fight. I had a very pretty show.

A mile away a Russian battery was planted in the open to cover some strategic ground. The Austrians were firing upon it with shrapnel, and other Russian batteries firing to protect it. The horizon was fairly dotted with puffs of darkened smoke, but my neighborhood was in the sleepy quiet of a spring noonday.

Modern guns are protected with armored shields and modern gunners are quick to build shrapnel-proof homes; so that while the Austrians have shelled this battery until more bullets than grass can be seen in its vicinity, its losses for a month have not much exceeded one man a day.

Before us, on a mountain whose almost perpendicular top make it impregnable to bayonet assault, lay the most advanced Austrian position. But this very position, so secure against infantry, was a particularly good mark for artillery. The Russians had

extended their positions to three sides of the hill. While we were there the incessant workers were building roads. Artillery would be brought at night and the enfiladed fortress turned into a shell trap.

In the meantime all was peace in our vicinity. The enemy positions ran in zig-zagged shape, the nearest Austrian firing trench was not three hundred yards away. From there it ran to a sandy valley, a good half mile off. Trees and undergrowth had been removed except for an occasional lonely sentinel whose range measured to the defending batteries would aid the gunners to fire against the Russian advance. The Austrian trenches were clearly visible through the glasses. They were of the covered type, built with loop-holes, and exceedingly strong against shrapnel and rifle fire. Another half mile beyond lay the supporting trenches, and around these, lounging in full view, were groups of Austrian soldiers clearly visible in their blue gray uniforms so badly adapted to modern warfare.

General Gutor, Commanding 36th Infantry Division, Watching Artillery Fire in Carpathian Mountains

Before the Austrian trenches were intricate wire entanglements, sturdily constructed on tree stumps and posts in the ground. In comparison to them the Russian entanglements appeared flimsy. There was no firing where we were, so I stepped out of the trench and walked to the wires. Just as I thought! Not built to keep the enemy out, but to let our own men through, while appearing to the hostile officers that we were on the defensive.

As everything remained quiet, I sent for Thompson and the moving picture machine and took pictures of the Russian trenches from the front. I hardly expected we would be suffered to remain there long, as the camera might be mistaken for a machine gun or a range finder or some new and mysterious engine of war, but not a single shot was fired in our direction.

The lens of the cinema described a complete circle, recording, I believe, the first panorama of a battlefield taken from between the hostile lines.

As we rode back to Headquarters a deer

bounded from a thicket and took up the mountain side. He would have been a pleasing variety to camp fare and I expected every minute to see him fall before some sharpshooter's bullet. But Russian discipline is rigid, and no man would fire without orders from a superior, which were not forthcoming.

We made all the run from Turka to Lemberg between dinner time and morning period, and twenty-four hours later we were back at the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER VII

Military History of the War till the End of April

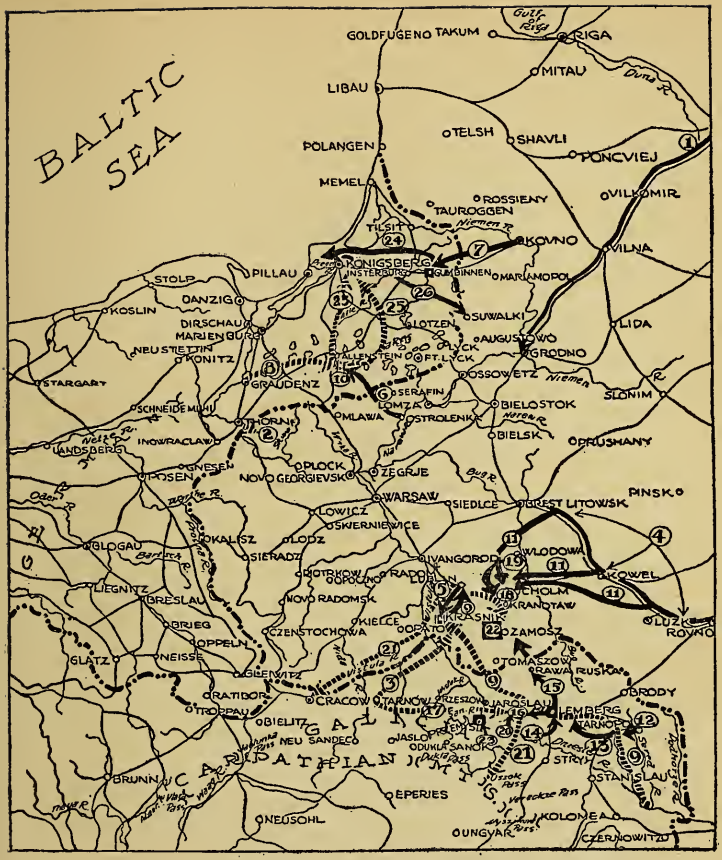
While at the Headquarters I was told the history of the war by a staff officer assigned to me for that purpose. The history as I reproduce it here begins with the declaration of war and runs to the time of my visit.

When the Czar determined to reject the Kaiser's ultimatum and to accept war, his first action was to appoint the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaiovitch Commander-in-Chief, and General Yanouskevitch Chief of Staff, of all the Russian armies. The same night the corps of the Imperial Guard was entrained for the fortress of Grodno, which is at once the key to the line of communications between Petrograd and Warsaw and the north corner of the secondary line of defences.

In peace the Russian army, active and reserve, was divided into military districts, covering a country as big as North America and but thinly connected with railroads.

The German-Austrian armies were similarly organized by districts, but owing to the denser populations as many army corps as the Russians could raise could be formed in a territory one-tenth the size of Russia and ten times as well supplied with railroads. It was, therefore, a simple matter for the Austrians and Germans to collect a large army long before the Russians could mobilize.

The German-Austrian army, once mobilized, could choose between an offensive against France and an offensive against Russia. To avoid, therefore, being caught in the process of mobilization, as in the event France was caught, the main Russian army was mobilized well back from the frontier along the line Grodno-Brest-Litovsk-Rowno-Kiev. German and Austrian forces crossed the frontier near Thorn, Kilisch, and Krasnik, but no attention was paid to them.



Heavy lines indicate Russian movements.
Shaded lines indicate German-Austrian movements.

1 — 40,000 of the Imperial Guards entrain on the night of the declaration of war from Petrograd, for Grodno. 2 — Germans cross frontier at Thorn. 3 — Austrians cross frontier near Lublin. 4 — Russian army mobilizes along Brest-Litovsk-Rovno Railroad. 5 — Russian army at Lublin advances to Krasnik. 6 — Samsonoff advances from line of River Narew into East Prussia. 7 — Renenkampf crosses frontier at Eydtkuhnen and wins battle of Gumbinnen, the first of the war. 8 — 250,000 German troops fall on Samsonoff at Tannenberg. 9 — The Austrians, leaving a covering force along the Gnila Lipa River, to hold the Russian advance from Tarnopol, strike with the bulk of their troops at Krasnik, and force the Russians to retreat to Lublin. 10 — Samsonoff defeated — August 28th. 11 — Pleve, with all mobilized reinforcements, advances to Chelm. 12 — Brusiloff and Rouski are sent to drive back Austrians on Gnila Lipa positions. 13 — Dimitrieff hurls back Austrians near Lemberg. 14 — Lemberg occupied by Russians — September 3d. 15 — Rouski advances from Lemberg to Rawa Ruska, the rear of the main Austrian advance. 16 — Brusiloff moves on Grodek, west of Lemberg. 17 — Austrians rush reinforcements to defeat Brusiloff. 18 —Austrians before Chelm turn to face Rouski at Rawa Ruska. 19 — Pleve falls on Auffenberg in the rear. 20 — Brusiloff attacks at Grodek. 21 — Austrian army at Grodek retreats to Carpathians; that at Lublin retires to Cracow. 22 — Auffenberg, caught between Pleve and Brusiloff, falls. 23 — Przemysl invested by Russians. 24 — Renenkampf, meanwhile, advances through East Prussia to beyond Königsberg. 25 — Hindenburg turns victorious army of Tannenberg against Renenkampf, in an effort to pin him against the Baltic Sea. 26 — Renenkampf, however, retreats safely to Suwalki.

The German invasion of Belgium revealed the plan of campaign of the Kaiser's General Staff, and the power and speed of its advance towards Paris becoming very evident every day, the Grand Duke did not wait for the mobilization of his army, but to make a diversion in favor of his allies, pushed two armies, themselves not fully organized, into East Prussia.

General Samsonoff with nearly four army corps crossed the frontier to the east of Mlawa. General Renenkampf, with three army corps and one division, crossed the frontier at Eydkuhnen, on the main line between Kovno and Koenigsberg, and won the first battle of the war at Gumbinnen.

The *purpose of the invasion* was to compel the Germans to detach troops from the forces invading France. *The plan of campaign* was for the two armies to join each other at Hilsburg for mutual support.

At the same time the Grand Duke advanced an army from Lemberg to stop the Austrian invasion and despatched two armies based at

Rowno and Kiev, entering Galicia from the east.

Having forced all the barrier fortresses of Belgium, having defeated the French in Alsace at Charleroi and the English at Mons, with apparently an open road to Paris and another Sedan before them, the Germans withdrew six army corps of the active army from the west front and sent them to join Hindenburg in East Prussia, where they joined the troops that had been mobilized in that territory.

General Samsonoff had succeeded in his object in causing a diversion from the western front, but in doing so he had advanced ahead of Renenkampf. His four corps were attacked by Hindenburg between Allenstein and Tannenberg with double his forces and were overwhelmed on the 28th August.

At this stage of the war the Austrians as well as the Germans were attempting to use Napoleonic tactics. Placing a force along the Gnila-Lipa to hold back the main Russian advance, the main part of the Austrian army

attacked the Russians at Krasnik and threw them back upon Lublin on the 26th day of August.

Germany was very close to winning the war at that time. It took the decisive action of a great general to save the situation. Abandoning Samsonoff to his fate, the Grand Duke forwarded his newly arriving corps under General Pleve to Cholm, and withdrew the Guards Corps, which, by this time, had been moved to Warsaw through Ivangorod to Lublin. At the same time he ordered the armies of General Rouski and Brousiloff to defeat the Austrian forces on the Gnila-Lipa River at all costs. These generals obeyed the order literally, putting into the fight all their reserves, even to the transport drivers.

The numbers engaged were not unequal. Eleven times the corps under the Bulgarian General Radko Dimitrieff took the mountain which was the key to the Austrian position and eleven times the Hungarian infantry took it back. The twelfth time Dimitrieff

advanced, and all the other corps moving in echelon put the Austrian army into complete rout. Lemberg was evacuated and occupied by the Russians on the 3d September, four days before the battle of the Marne.

General Rouski passed through Lemberg without stopping, aiming for the rear of the Austrian army, which was fighting along the line Lublin-Cholm. General Brousiloff advanced to the strong position of Gorodok, upon which the defeated Austrians had stopped and where they were being reënforced as rapidly as possible.

The Austrian army of General Auffenberg now attempted to leave a screen before that of the Russian General Pleve and advanced against Rouski at Rawa Ruska. But Pleve was not to be deceived. Advancing rapidly, he pinned Auffenberg's army between his army and that of General Rouski and captured it.

The Austrians before Lublin at this time were joined by the German army corps which had crossed the frontier at Kalisch at

the outbreak of war and had been manœuvring through Poland in an unsuccessful attempt to confuse the Russian commander-in-chief. They arrived in time to participate in the general defeat and to assist in the retreat to Cracow.

The army before Gorodok retired over the Carpathians, leaving a garrison in Peremysl.

Even after Samsonoff's defeat Renenkampf continued to advance, either from a misunderstanding of the situation, or deliberately, to prevent Hindenburg from striking for Warsaw. Upon him Hindenburg turned the victorious army of Allenstein, and passing four army corps through the Massourian Lakes, attempted to force Renenkampf against the Baltic Sea.

Renenkampf was quick in retreat, as in advance, and the German soldiers were exhausted after their forced marches through Belgium and their fighting at Allenstein. Renenkampf was able to establish a flank guard near Korschen and to retreat to the fortress of Suwalki, losing a portion of the

artillery of the territorial division. Thus came to an end the first phase of the war.

Of these manœuvres and battles the western public has heard little beyond the actual fight of Tannenberg. To be sure, judged by the standard of other wars, it is one of the most complete victories in history, but as a fragment of the strategy of this great campaign it assumes a different aspect.

How much must General Von Kluck before Paris have yearned for the six corps d'armée with which Hindenburg won his marshal's baton before Allenstein, as he saw the French reserves debouch from Paris and take in flank the army with which he had planned to force the French back upon the mountain barrier of Switzerland!

How much the Austrian generals, as they lost the three great battles of Gnila-Lipa, Rawa Ruska, and Lublin, must have wished for the help of these same army corps as these were driving Renenkampf through East Prussia!

How valuable to General Joffre, in decid-

ing to stop his army on the Marne, to learn that six army corps of his opponents had been withdrawn from before him and that the Austrian army had been entirely overthrown and all Germany's reserves for some time to come would be needed on her eastern front!

It was the Grand Duke's movements in East Prussia and Galicia that decided the campaign in France.

The end of the Galician campaign found the victorious armies of Gnila-Lipa, Rawa Ruska, and Lublin very closely concentrated in the triangle Peremysl-Tarnoff-Sandemir, to which they had come in pursuit of their various enemies. A reorganization was immediately necessary. The Corps de la Garde was directed upon Ivongorod. The infantry corps advanced into the Carpathians in a general continuous line from the Dukla Pass to Cracow.

Hindenburg now left four army corps before Suwalki to face Renenkampf and came back with the rest of his army by use of the

great German system of military railroads to Kalisch, striking for the Russian right flank and rear. Immediately the exposed corps were withdrawn under cover of the Vistula River to Ivangorod, while the Austrians debouching from Cracow advanced along the other bank. The siege of Peremysl was raised.

Hindenburg had six army corps. Three of these he directed to Ivangorod and three upon Warsaw.

Ivangorod, garrisoned by the Corps de la Garde, the élite of the Russian army, was easily held, but Warsaw was only saved by a narrow margin. Its defending force was heavily outnumbered and in dire straits when the Siberian corps arrived for the first time upon the theatre of war. The defenders were still in the minority, and were falling back when the regiments of the Corps de la Garde, relieved at Ivangorod, began to come in by the Ivangorod-Warsaw railroad. There was no time to form the corps as a corps, but as each regiment detrained it was marched into the battle.

Heavy lines indicate Russian movements.
Shaded lines indicate German-Austrian movements.

1 — Russian field army advances to line between Dukla Pass and Tarnow. 2 — Hindenburg, leaving 4 corps before Renenkampf at Suwalki, moves with 6 corps through Silesia. 3 — Russians remove 3 armies nearest Tarnow and rush them to Lublin-Warsaw line. 4 — Hindenburg forces 3 corps upon Warsaw, and 3 upon Ivangorod. 5 — Siberian troops arrive and save Warsaw. 6 — Hindenburg defeated and repulsed before Warsaw. 7 — Hindenburg retreats to Rawka River, drawing Russians after him. 8 — Then taking force before Ivangorod, he hurls them at pursuing Russian flank. 9 — Austrians arrive too late to occupy trenches left by Germans. 10 — Hindenburg again defeated. 11 — Hindenburg retires to line between Cracow and Kalisz, and Austrians retreat over Carpathians. 12 — Przemysl, relieved in the advance, re-invested by Russians. 13 — Russians debouch from Lodz upon Cracow and Silesia. 14 — Sievers moves from Augustowo into East Prussia. 15 — Hindenburg, leaving Austrians to attack front, dashes from Thorn upon Russian flank. Russians repulsed. 16 — Renenkampf driven into Warsaw, and army at Lodz outflanked on both flanks. 17 — Pleve rushes reinforcements. 18 — Renenkampf, from Warsaw, falls on German left flank. 19 — Troops rushed from France by Hindenburg arrive too late to affect Russian victory at Lodz, but attack near Lowicz. 20 — Rouski, commanding this front, considers his line strategically weak, so withdraws to positions along Bzura, Rawka, and Nida rivers. 21 — Austrians attack Russians in Galicia, but are repulsed. 22 — Sievers invades East Prussia to a line between the Mazurian Lakes and the Kuriches Haff.

A member of the guards corps, pride shining in his eyes, told me how two regiments of the guard, totalling eight thousand men, arrived as the Siberian corps were reeling back before the German onslaught, and with flags flying and band playing marched into the thickest of the attack. After the battle only hundreds remained where thousands had been, but the tide was turned. Russian reënforcements continued to arrive until seven corps opposed the three of Hindenburg.

Once stopped, the Germans could not long hold their position, as the Russian reënforcements continued to arrive until at Warsaw the Russians had seven army corps — or what was left of them — to oppose the remnants of the three corps of Hindenburg. Hindenburg, however, would not give up without a last desperate struggle. Withdrawing his three army corps from before Warsaw to the Rawka River in order to draw the Russians after him, he took the other three army corps from before Ivangorod to throw upon the advancing Russians' flank. It was his

intention that the advancing Austrians should fill the German trenches before Ivangorod and keep the Russian army there in check.

Either the Austrians arrived too late, or the Germans left too soon. The Russians, wide awake, came pouring through the gap at Ivangorod, as before they had done at Cholm, and met the advancing Austrians to the surprise of both parties. The Russians thought they were pursuing the retreating Germans; the Austrians thought they were advancing into a position held by their ally.

The fight was confused and largely hand to hand, which was to the advantage of the heavier Russians. The Austrians were compelled to retreat again to Cracow.

Hindenburg's manœuvre proving unsuccessful, his flanking force being stopped, and his own left wing driven in, he retreated precipitately to Silesia. Peremysl was reinvested.

In the meantime on the western front the Germans had retreated to the river Aisne and there had stopped. The British Expe-

ditionary Force had been withdrawn from its position in the line, and together with reënforcements from England, was advancing through the Pas de Calais with the intention of rolling up the German right or at least of connecting with the Belgian army in Antwerp.

Just at this time, when the German situation seemed as bad as it had appeared good at the end of August, the tremendous German "second wind" began to make itself felt.

From the defensive at Lille Germany rapidly passed to the offensive. A direct attack on Antwerp captured the place with scarcely more trouble than the earlier attacks on Liege and Namur. The Belgian army retreated to Ostend, and the Germans, coming with increasing forces, threatened to break the Allied line, to occupy the Channel ports, to cŭt off England from France; indeed, to win a decisive battle there and then.

The situation became desperate; every equipped man in France was in the firing line. The British Expeditionary Force had

used up its reserves. Kitchener's army was only in the form of preliminary enlistment.

Another Russian diversion against Prussia became necessary.

Generals Brousiloff and Dimitrieff, who had succeeded in command of Rouski's army, with about eight army corps held the mountain passes of the Carpathians. General Sullivanoff with two army corps blockaded Peremysl. General Baron Sievers with eight army corps was ordered into East Prussia from the neighborhood of Suwalki, and General Rouski, commanding the rest of the Russian arm, advanced along the line from Cracow to Kalisch, placing General Renenkampf with an army of three corps on his right as a flank guard.

Leaving the Austrians to engage with the front of the Russian advance, Field Marshal Hindenburg concentrated his troops near Thorn and struck for the Russian right flank, which extended as far north as Warta. This flank was immediately drawn back, and one flank had reached Lodz and faced north by

the time Renenkampf's flank guard was driven into Warsaw. Hindenburg managed to arrive in sufficient numbers to attack this army on three sides, and had nearly surrounded it when General Pleve's army came to its assistance, taking post on both flanks. The fight was still in favor of the Germans when Renenkampf, with his reorganized force and with reënforcements from Sievers, struck out from Warsaw and cut General Mackensen from the rest of the German army.

The tables were turned, and on 22d October Field Marshal Hindenburg telegraphed to instantly stop the attack on the river Yser and to forward all available reënforcements to him.

These troops in leaving Belgium prevented a victory upon that front and arrived in Poland too late to be of effect there. General Mackensen had cut his way back to the German army, leaving 10,000 prisoners, but the momentum of the German attack was stopped and it was upon a reformed and intrenched line that the army from France attacked in the vicinity of Lowitsch.

The diversion successfully accomplished, the Russian army occupied positions along the Bzoura, Rawka, and Neida rivers, Tarnow and the Carpathian passes.

During the battles around Lodz, the Austrians had attacked in the Carpathians. They were driven back, leaving 50,000 prisoners.

Stopping his advance to send four army corps of reënforcements to Lodz, General Baron Sievers fortified himself in a position between the Baltic Sea and the Massourian Lakes.

The second phase of the war then ended with the conquest of Belgium completed by Germany, with the English and French attempt to flank the German army thrown back, and the German counter-offensive stopped by the Russian attack on Silesia, and a bloody but indecisive combat around Lodz.

The third phase is concerned with the first German offensive against Russia. This came at the time of the height of the diplomatic attempt to bring the Balkan States into

alliance with the Triple Entente, and shortly before the attack on the Dardanelles began.

The first effort was to take Warsaw by direct assault. Six hundred pieces of artillery of all calibres were massed upon a line six miles long between Souchaczew to Bolimow. Here for the first time the Germans used asphyxiating gases. For ten days and ten nights the bombardment continued and for ten days and ten nights the Germans advanced in close order and in columns, — as is their habit when they are determined to take a position at all costs.

The Russians were thoroughly intrenched, fully equipped with artillery, ammunition, and machine guns, and held doggedly to their trenches, although they suffered over 30,000 casualties. When satisfied that no sacrifice of men could take this position General Hindenburg ceased the attack, and putting eight army corps on the strategic railways, came suddenly upon General Baron Sievers, who, with three and a half corps, was intrenched between the Massourian Lakes and the Baltic Sea.

The army of General Baron Sievers was badly defeated and retreated in various directions, the principal part taking refuge in the fortress of Olita. The Germans then tried to carry Grodno by assault, and also the fortress of Ossowetz, the forts that covered the passes into Russian Poland, as Liege and Namur covered those into Belgium. Unlike the latter, the Russian forts withstood the heaviest bombardment and most ferocious assaults.

As a counter-attack the Russians advanced from Prasnysz upon Mlawa, and as a consequence the Germans withdrew one army from before Grodno and rallied at Mlawa, and resorted to their favorite manœuvres, swinging around the Russian right flank, which was at Prasnysz. This move was anticipated, and the Russians advancing from Pultusk took the flankers in reverse. This battle is called by the Russians the victory of Prasnysz, and was fought during the week of February 22d–28th, and marked the end of the German offensive.

During this time the Russians continued

Heavy lines indicate Russian movements.
Shaded lines indicate German-Austrian movements.

1 — Sievers' line.
2 — Hindenburg attacks Warsaw with artillery from line from Sochachew to Bolimow, but is repulsed.
3 — Thereupon Hindenburg moves against Sievers, turns the Russian flank, and overwhelms him.
4 — Hindenburg attacks Grodno, but is repulsed.
5 — Russians in counter-attack along Ossowetz-Pultusk line.
6 — Germans recover themselves at Mlawa, and try to turn Russian flank.
7 — Russians debouching from Pultusk outflank the German flankers at Przasnysz, February 22–28.

to advance into the Carpathians. There was no great battle, but a number of correlated engagements, in which the Russians were almost invariably successful, taking over 100,000 prisoners. The great event in this theatre of the war was the surrender of Peremysl on March 17th with 120,000 men.

Before the surrender the Austrians completely destroyed the forts, and blew up the bridges and railroad yards, so as to make the place valueless to the captors. All cannons and small arms were destroyed as far as possible.

During the week of April 24th the Emperor of Russia visited Lemberg, Peremysl, and the Headquarters of the Galician armies, and announced "The delivery of Red Russia from the German oppressor." This point marks the highest tide of the Russian advance into Austria.

The campaign of last year was made by the armies which had been organized in time of peace. The campaign of this year is being

made by what is left of those armies, and by the forces which the different nations have been able to put in the field to assist them.

It goes without saying that Russia has an abundance of trained men. Her army is limited, however, by a lack of arms. Abundantly prepared as she was, she suffered in comparison with her chief enemy through her losses in the Japanese war and through the quantities of arms furnished by her to the Balkan States in the year 1913.

Russia had enormous government arsenals, but no private arms plants, and very few factories which could be converted into making war supplies. Now the wastage of rifles in war is about as great as that of men. When a man is captured, his rifle generally goes with him. A wounded man almost invariably drops his gun, and then many guns are being broken every day. Thus it is, according to the best information I have been able to obtain, that Russia had in the field on the 1st of May only about one hundred and fifty divisions of fifteen thousand men each. Of

these, fifteen divisions were in the Caucasus Mountains, leaving one hundred and thirty-five divisions on the German and Austrian fronts. The advantage that lay with Russia was that these were all first-line troops.

Germany and Austria had not only government arsenals, but great corporations whose business was making war material to sell to other countries. They had also a great number of factories which could be adapted to this work. As a result there have been ample arms for all the men that could be put into the field. The information in Stockholm was to the effect that Germany had two hundred divisions of fifteen thousand men, and that Austria, even after her tremendous losses, had been able to put seventy-five divisions in the field. Among these were many troops who had passed the flower of young manhood, but who could do good service in the trenches. Furthermore, because of the splendid system of strategic railways, Germany and Austria have not had to put such demand upon their troops as Russia.

In 1914, Germany attempted to use her strategic railways to make quick movements from one front to the other, but the movements were not executed with genius and resulted less well than a simpler plan might have done. Therefore, in 1915, she gave up attempting to duplicate Napoleon, and following the example Grant decided to batter away at one enemy until issue was reached. Germany left the defence of the Italian frontier to fifteen or twenty Austrian divisions of landwehr, left sixty divisions of mixed German troops on the French-English front, and with the rest marched against Russia. Forty divisions were concentrated in the neighborhood of Cracow and thrown at the Russian salient in Galicia, held by about ten divisions.

Early in the war, the Russian Commander-in-Chief had realized the disadvantage under which he suffered from lack of railways, and had established a system of strategic reserves. Under this system, he kept rather a thin line at the front and heavy forces massed at road

and railway junctions in the rear, ready to reënforce the troops attacked, which were under orders to fall back upon the reserves.

In the first clash near Tarnow, the German attack was better manœuvred than the Russian defence, and the army of General Radko Dimitrieff was badly cut up. There were some days of anxiety, as I well know, having been at that time a guest at the Russian Headquarters. The Russians destroyed the railways as they retired and found safety in their greater mobility. The Russian infantry can outwalk anything in Europe.

When the campaign developed, the Russians made no attempt to stand in Galicia. They fought only such actions as facilitated the removal of stores and equipment and inflicted the greater loss upon the enemy, while suffering the less loss themselves.

True to their theory of tactics, they abandoned Peremysl without a siege. In this way they retired to the end of the Austrian railway line and did not offer battle

until they were in front of the Russian railroad connecting Lublin with Cholm.

The English and French allies attempted in May to come to the assistance of the Russians. The French made the heaviest attack which they have made in this war in the neighborhood of Arras, and the English advanced in the neighborhood of Ypres. The French made considerable gains in spite of the fact that their light artillery was not well adapted to the taking of such heavy defences as the Germans had constructed, the English rather less; not because of lack of willingness, but because they had been unable to equip or train their new army sufficiently to take the offensive. Thus the Germans were enabled to continue their offensive against the Russians without reënforcing their west front.

In accepting battle on the Lublin-Cholm line, the Russians were compelled to draw troops from other points and abandon all their trenches before the permanent lines of defence, allowing the Germans to come against

Novo Georgievsk and the prepared trenches of Warsaw.

The position now is like that of two wrestlers, of whom one is on the mat, the other trying for a fall. The Germans in the ratio of about 20 to 13 are striking here and there, trying to find a weak spot in the Russian line. The Russians, on the defensive, are reënforcing the weak spots and watching for opportunity to make a vigorous offensive if the German generals blunder. There is distinct chance that the Germans will break the Russian line at some point, compelling a general retirement with loss. There is a chance, also, that one of the German columns of attack may be cut off and annihilated.

The German advance between the fortresses of Ossowetz and Novo Georgievsk is a bold but dangerous stroke. If the attackers can remain in greater strength, they may cut off Novo Georgievsk and Warsaw with the troops therein and compel a capitulation. On the other hand, they are advancing with both

flanks exposed. If the Russians can come in greater strength, they may be able to cut off this advance as they did that of General Mackensen in October.

In the absence of such a manœuvre as will cause heavy loss to one side or the other, the battle will develop into a general butchery. Austro-German superiority in numbers is such that it can expect to push the Russian line back, and back, and back, but only under the penalty of suffering much heavier loss than the Russians. Ground gained in this way cannot seem to be worth the cost. Russia can fill her loss much better than Germany. In time, she can expect to arm and equip a larger force than she now has in the field. It does not look as though Germany will be able to raise a larger force than she is now fighting with. Sooner or later, and to be sure later rather than sooner, the English new army will be organized and armed so that it can take the field; so it would appear that even though Germany occupies Poland and fortifies herself along the

north and west banks of the Bug and Narew rivers, as she has done through France and Belgium, another year will see the Allies in superiority and on the offensive all along their front.

The recent despatches from France and Italy even indicate that their advance in Alsace and along the Isonzo may compel Germany and Austria to detach troops in the near future.

CHAPTER VIII

The Russian Army

I have found such unwillingness to accept the estimate I have placed upon the Russian army that I think it well to preface a discussion of its qualities by a generalization of history.

Russia at the beginning was a nation without any natural protective boundary. Far from having oceans or English Channels to protect her, she had not even a mountain range or a great river. In the years during which there have been white men settled in America, Russia has warred with all the greatest and most warlike peoples of the earth, and warred with each of them in the height of its power.

She has fought the Mongols and the Turks, the Prussians under Frederick the Great, the

Napoleonic Empire under the greatest general the world has ever seen, the three allied nations of England, France and Piedmont, the Turks again, and, lastly, the Japanese.

As a net result of all these wars Russia holds more territory in Europe and Asia than all the others combined. Why, then, this unwillingness to concede to Russia an army equal to — if not superior to — any other? The facts speak for themselves. However, in military affairs facts invariably yield to preconceived opinions, and, above all, to national vanity.

The Russian army was first made into a regular force by Ivan IV. It was thoroughly reorganized by Peter the Great; it was destroyed in destroying the Napoleonic Grande Armée and again rebuilt. In 1873 it was remodelled by taking all that was applicable to Russia of the Prussian military system.

Critics who did not have political reasons for underestimating its qualities agreed upon its splendid efficiency against overwhelming

obstacles in the Japanese War. It has much improved since then. In one respect, and in one respect only, has Russia lagged behind her western neighbor, and that is in railroads. The Russian military authorities realized the serious military handicap thus entailed, but they were unable to obtain a remedy. Russia planned no offensive in Europe, if for no other reason than the absurdity of driving against the stone wall of German resistance, when an infinite territory incapable of self-defence was open to the eastward, if it should ever be wanted.

Russian authorities as long ago as 1900 (see General Kuropatkin's report through the Minister of War, 1900) realized the possibility of an Austro-German offensive. After the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina this possibility grew larger and larger. The military authorities did not underestimate the power of this offensive, nor did they forget the strategy whereby a similar offensive was destroyed a hundred years ago. Therefore, the multiplicity of factors —

Typical Russian Infantry

(1) Inability through lack of railroads to make an offensive into Germany;
(2) Lack of any incentive to make an offensive into Germany;
(3) A traditional policy of defence by fighting a western European army in the surroundings of Eastern Europe; and
(4) — not touched on before — an absence of factories to make automobiles, the kind of equipment best adapted to fighting in Western Europe, pointed to a form of equipment for the Russian army entirely different from that chosen by the German General Staff.

Beginning with the transport, we find an almost total lack of the great automobile trucks used by the Germans, French, and British. These trucks, which can carry from one to five tons each, and can run up to 20 miles an hour, can average 100 miles a day, and on special occasion can cover 200 to 250 miles in a day, are infinitely superior to any kind of horse-drawn wagon *on the perfect turnpikes of Germany, France, Belgium, and*

Austria. They would be as unserviceable in Russia as on the unpaved roads of the Mississippi bottom lands.

Russia has developed a system of transport easy for her to produce which can travel on any kind of roads and can be supplied indefinitely. She has for the front line work small two and four wheel wagons. The two-wheel wagons drawn by one pony, like a mustang pony, have covered watertight boxes about 4 ft. square. The four-wheeled wagons, on four large wheels, have boxes about 7 ft. $\times$ 3 ft., and are drawn by two ponies. How many of these wagons there are in the Russian army I cannot say, — certainly over one hundred thousand.

These wagons are of specially wide tread and are almost uncapsizable. In case of catastrophe they are easily destroyed by fire. Incidentally, they are so individualistically Russian that no enemy can make adequate use of them. These army wagons are not nearly sufficient for the needs of the enormous number of troops engaged in this war. In

addition many thousands of peasants' wagons have been commandeered.

The Russian peasants' wagons are of a unique type. The horses' collars are fastened to the front end of the shafts. From the same point a rope is stretched to the outside of the hub of the front wheel, so the danger of breaking the axle is minimized. There is generally a brace from the body of the wagon to the outside of the rear wheel, which frequently runs upon a wooden axle. All of these vehicles are drawn by small hardy Russian horses, but these, unlike the well-trained cavalry mounts, are hardly broken.

The great advantage of this system of transport is that it can go over any kind of road or no road. The two-wheel carts are almost as mobile as pack horses. The loss of any unit is also comparatively insignificant.

The distances covered by these apparently primitive transports are enormous. Columns several miles long are made up and marched day and night. The horses are exceedingly

tough, and when worn out can be renewed indefinitely. The drivers are endowed with Asiatic placidity; sleeping contentedly on the moving wagons, they demand no time off. They never fret or irritate their horses. I do not remember seeing a single whip in the hundred or more miles of transport wagons I must have seen. On good roads, of course, they cannot cover anything like as much ground as motor trucks, but they can go where motor trucks cannot move. They can go very much faster than any other horse transport the world has ever seen, excepting that of their Mongolian prototypes. When the roads begin to be bad they soon catch up with their machine-driven competitor. Apparently it takes an enormous number of men to work this kind of transport, but relatively to other methods the number may not be so high. There are no repair shops, no extra mechanics or carrying of complicated spare parts. Each man repairs his own wagon and shoes his horse, and when either becomes substantially worn

Russian Field Hospital

Field Chapel

out, the horse goes to pasture, the wagon to the camp fire.

On the outbreak of war the Russians had only horse-drawn artillery. It would be absurd to say that where the big nine or eleven inch guns can be brought and manœuvred field-pieces are their equals. But great guns cannot be brought into Russia although they can be brought into France. There appears to be no dispute that the French and Russian field artillery are superior to all others. France has had to fight in her own country against the big gun she does not possess, and Russia will never have to do this.

The Russian field artillery is extraordinarily good. I speak with knowledge because I have frequently seen it in action. At the outbreak of war it was said to be composed of six thousand pieces, divided into batteries of eight guns. These guns were in general 3″ field pieces modelled after the famous French 75's, $4\frac{1}{2}$″ and 6″ field howitzers, and the great Russian 6″ field artillery gun.

This is much the best field-piece in the world and has been copied by the French army.

For the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain that howitzers and the heavy field artillery, firing at different ranges, use different charges of explosive.

These are so ordered that with the smallest charge the guns will shoot to a certain distance at their maximum elevation. They will shoot the same distance with the second charge at the minimum elevation. The maximum range of the second charge is reached by the third charge with the minimum elevation and similarly with the full charge. Each charge is put up in a sealed packet, one packet making the first charge, two the second, three the third, and four the full charge.

It is probably known to everybody at this time that guns are seldom sighted at the enemy. A horizontal line is established by a spirit level, and the range being approximately ascertained, the gun is elevated a given number of degrees. To establish direc-

tion a point is chosen as nearly as possible directly back from the gun, such as a pine tree, or a spot blazed on a near-by tree, or a church steeple, and the gunner is instructed to point his gun so many degrees to the right or to the left of the reflection of this sight in an object glass.

The commander of the battery establishes himself in some point of vantage, — a hill-top, or tree top, or possibly in an advance trench, and by telephone instructs his gunners. Automatic range-finders are sometimes used for the first shot, and I have seen a base line established and the range found by trigonometry, but after the first shot the range is corrected by the sight of the exploding shells.

The enormous numbers of the Russian artillery have been completely equipped with all the most modern instruments of precision, such as the above-mentioned range finders and binocular glasses of twenty powers of magnification mounted on tripods and built in the form of periscopes for the better protection of the observing officers, and tele-

phones. The uninitiated will appreciate how splendid an achievement this was when they learn that the little British Expeditionary Force, hardly twice the size of the regular American army, and about one-twentieth of the force which fought on the Allied side at the battle of Marne, was almost entirely lacking in these modern appliances.

The Russian foresight will also be better appreciated when it is understood that none of these instruments are made in Russia, and therefore could not have been supplied after the outbreak of war, any more than they could be supplied in America. Foresight stored up an enormous quantity of ammunition, so that through the early months of the war, according to the Allied plan, Russia was able to maintain a vigorous offensive all along the line. It is to be borne in mind that she maintained this offensive from August until April and never received a cartridge from overseas.

The observer who wishes to understand the Russian infantry must be willing to set aside

Typical Russian Reservist

his preconceived notions and his race prejudice, both as to men and methods.

In the first place, the Russian regiment consists of about four thousand men and is divided into three battalions, each approximately as large as our regiments. This system would appear to be the best and is used by the best armies.

The Russian infantry is equipped and trained to make the most of the Russian temperament and the Russian physique. Now the Russian physique is far ahead of any other in Europe. This is a difficult statement for any other nationality to admit. The Germans and Austrians have not made the statement, but they have acted upon the fact.

Back in the time that Suvaroff led the Russian army all the way to Italy, and I do not know how much farther back, the Russian has had a tradition of fighting with the bayonet. Perhaps he has always shot less well than his enemy, but has certainly been his physical superior. I have been through

the English, French, and Russian armies and I have seen thousands of Austrian and German prisoners. The average Russian soldier averages half a head taller than other soldiers, weighs 25 pounds heavier, and is more athletic in build. What reason there may be for this I am not prepared to say, but state the fact as I saw it. Furthermore, the Russian does not think of rifle fire as we do and as the English do. He is trained in marksmanship and shoots the long range as well as any trained soldier, but to fire at a man ten feet away would not occur to him.

The Russian morale is based on the theory of bayonet fighting, just as the military ideas of Frederick the Great turned upon the effect of fire. The Russian soldier lives and marches, retreats and charges and fires, with his bayonet always fixed on his rifle and fixed in his mind. Other nations remove the bayonet during fire fighting, as it interferes with aiming, both by weighting down the muzzle, and throwing a reflection in the soldier's eyes. The Russians have minimized

these effects, however, by making the bayonet short and light and bluing it like the barrel of the gun. It is almost invisible a few yards away and thus loses much of the moral effect attributed to l'arme blanche. The Russians, however, look upon the bayonet as an arm of execution and depend upon the terror caused by the use of it for effect.

There is no possible question but the bayonet is frequently used in this war. How different from the experience of General Funston, who records in his memoirs of two wars that he has seen only one man struck down by a bayonet!

Tradition and temperament have everything to do with fighting. They assert themselves in the face of all conditions.

It is very pretty to see a battalion of Russian infantry practising an attack. Their physical perfection is such as to remind one of signal drill of a football squad; indeed, they run forward in squads of thirteen men, then throwing themselves down, with their intrenching tool, — a one-handed shovel, —

they dig a hole for their elbows and pile up the excavated earth in a mound before them, so that in a few minutes only their eyes and foreheads over the tops of the rifles are exposed to horizontal fire.

If the bayonet is the Russian infantryman's chief reliance, the intrenching tool is his best friend.

When it comes to intrenching, nothing can be compared to the Russian regiment excepting the Roman legions of old. The Russian soldier is a laboring man, accustomed to working in the earth and forest. One night will put him safe underground with a roof to stop the fragments of shells bursting overhead.

In the Carpathians I came to a position which had been occupied only forty hours before. Along the whole front was a kneeling trench, with perfect head cover and loopholes every two feet. At the back of the trench was an opening so that the troops could swarm out quickly to meet an attack.

When I was on the western front I saw no such head covering. The front side of the

trench was frequently excavated and shored up with wood to furnish protection from shell, splinters, shrapnel, bullets, and weather. An occasional loop-hole was provided for watching and sniping, but rifle fire was invariably directed over the top. I asked particularly about covered trenches under which fire could be maintained and was told that the English did not believe that from under them fire could be heavy enough or could be well enough directed.

The conditions of war in the two theatres differ. There is an abundance of natural cover in Poland and Galicia to conceal the more visible type of trenches employed there. There is more and heavier artillery on the western front and high explosive shells are more frequently used, therefore it is more desirable to construct narrow open-topped trenches, which are harder to see than the wider covered type.

Another, and perhaps more controlling reason, is that the English soldier puts a greater reliance on the bullet and the Rus-

sians ask nothing better than to get to work with the bayonet.

The Russians are also very fond of the grenades and appear to have made better use of them than their allies.

I have seen them under fire in their trenches and can add a word to the high praise for steadiness given to them by the German General von Morgan, who commands a German army corps before Warsaw.

Railroads are few in Russia and the peasant does his travelling afoot; no wonder, then, that he can outwalk any other infantry man.

The equipment of the Russian soldier is the result of the experience of two hundred years. It is an extraordinary combination of usefulness and economy, and certainly shows up the equipment of the western armies for what it is, — the product of theorists and amateurs.

The Russian has his rifle and his fixed bayonet; he carries 160 rounds of ammunition; unless the weather is cold he carries his overcoat and his one-third of a shelter

Austrian Prisoners

Kazaks of the Caucasus

German Prisoners

tent in a roll over his shoulder, and his intrenching tool is on his hip. His knapsack is a pack-sack in which he carries his black bread, tea, and sugar. He has also an allowance of extra clothes, and being extraordinarily cleanly, he generally violates the Articles of the war by carrying more clean clothes than are prescribed. His uniform consists of a cap with a visor in summer, a fur cap in winter, a blouse like our flannel shirt, breeches, underclothes, socks, and boots. In winter he has additional foot and leg cover and a fur overcoat.

Before going to Russia I had always imagined that the Russian soldier's boot was a clumsy affair and a hindrance to marching and activity. Nothing could be farther from the case. The leather is as flexible as kid, and the upper part more like the leather we use for gloves than for boots. Unquestionably, it is a better protection against dust, mud, and water than any form of gaiter used in other armies. It has one fault, — its color. When a line of men in their olive-

green uniforms are invisible in the woods or at a distance in the open, a black line of boots sometimes will reveal their position. I believe a new war will see the Russian army in "Russian leather."

On the march the Russian soldier is fed from the field kitchen, — a huge cauldron in which the national soup or stew is cooked. This is composed of a ration of meat and grain and potatoes for each man with whatever other vegetables the cook can lay his hands on. There is a specific ration for each man, but in practice during this war the limit has been as much as each man desired.

Three advantages of this method of cooking are immediately apparent. Troops can be fed on the march. After the march supper is served to them without their having the further effort of cooking their meals, and hot soup can often be brought up on wheels to the actual firing line or to places in its immediate proximity. In the mountains the kitchen cannot always follow the troops and

there an excellent canned stew is substituted. Where the soldiers are for any length of time in a secure position the kitchen is given a rest and the men cook their own food. "The food is not as good," explained a staff officer, "but the cooking relieves the tedium of life in the trenches."

These field kitchens are kept at a high state of cleanliness and efficiency and are constantly inspected. One day when I was at the front the inspector general, Ci Roberti, tried a sample from every pot of a regiment. Since a Russian regiment consists of four thousand men and every company has its individual kitchen, the general had plenty of soup that day.

This special kitchen is an innovation which has been copied by other armies. Some say that the German kitchen is better, being divided into compartments and cooking several kinds of food. This may be necessary to satisfy the standard of living of the German soldier, but the extra weight must prove a serious handicap on bad roads. It is the aim

of the Russian army to give the soldiers good, and better food, than they are accustomed to at home. There is certainly a military advantage in being a simple people.

Every Russian army regiment has a home town, after which it is named, and from which at least a large proportion of its soldiers are drawn. This gives it the advantage of having "people back home" to take a special interest in its welfare, to make special presents to its wounded, and to fire its soldiers with letters of praise.

Some of the Guard regiments are named after the largest cities, as of Petrograd, and after provinces, as of Finland, with the same result.

The Russian regular army thus gets the same popular support that comes to our volunteers in time of war, but not to our regulars; at the same time it has the training of regular soldiers.

Any one can see the advantage of giving soldiers both training and popular support over our system of giving training to some

Red Cross Wagon

Siberian Transport Ponies

and popular support to others and both to neither.

Every Russian regiment has a fête day, which is a day set apart to celebrate either its creation, or, more likely, to commemorate some deed of great valor under arms. It should not be necessary to point out the value upon troops of calling to their attention the great exploits of those who have gone before and the demand for emulation. Brilliant feats in history also are recalled in name and equipment.

There is a Siberian regiment which stood in battle until, tradition says, blood flowed up to the boot tops. This regiment is distinguished by a red band on the tops of the boots. There is a division which stood against odds of 4 to 1, and checked General van Damme after the battle of Dresden, contributing more than any other single feat of arms to the overthrow of Napoleon. The Prussian king gave to each of the survivors the Iron Cross. There are regiments famed for battles against the Turks, against the

Kirghiz, feats of arms as great and as unknown to us as the sacrifice of the Alamo is to Europe.

The Russian regimental officers are very good, and upon this point I have not only my opinion, but those of professional American soldiers, who have had also an opportunity to see them in action. The relations between the officers and men are patriarchal.

The Russian army has the staff principle developed in great detail. There is a great general staff, the staffs of commanders of groups of armies, staffs of army commanders, corps commanders, division commanders, brigade commanders, and a regimental staff. I have visited all of these except the staff of commanders of army groups. Everywhere I saw evidence of a high state of military education. I could perceive also that information of the military situation was interchanged among the smaller and larger headquarters in such a way that no catastrophe or interruption of communications would leave a unit paralyzed.

It is just this extraordinary ability to manœuvre in action that has offset the German's superiority of railway facilities, — this, and probably a superiority of division and corps commanders because of the experience gained and selections made possible by the Japanese war.

CHAPTER IX

The Kazaks

I have eaten your bread and salt.

I went to Russia with the popular conception of the Kazaks, namely, that they were a nomad tribe from Central Asia, that they dressed in skins, that when they went to war they took their women with them; in a word, that they were in approximately the same state of civilization as the Mexicans.

When I arrived at the grand Headquarters I was several times asked to pick out Kazak officers, but was unable to do this. On my first trip to the front I was given an exhibition drill by two sotnia, or, as we would call it, two troops, of Kazaks, and as I was at that time unfamiliar with the details of the Russian uniform, I could not distinguish any difference between the Kazaks and other soldiers.

That there was no apparent difference between the Kazaks and other soldiers was such a surprise to me that in my despatch to America describing the trip I used the following language: —

"The Cossacks are humpy looking men with round fur caps and sheepskin coats? They never wash or shave? Also, they have "more wives than teeth"?

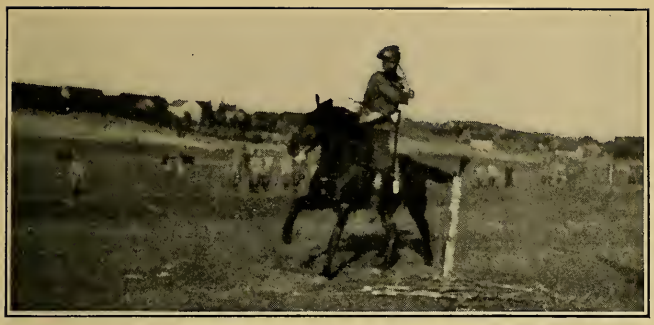
The Commander-in-Chief was interested to know what impression I had received of the armies under his command, and as he did not read English asked me to have my writings translated. Unfortunately I did not have the translation made into French, which I could have read myself, but into Russian. The translator left out the question marks, and my statement of the prevailing American opinion of the Kazaks was written as my own recently formed opinion of them! The document passed through several hands and the joke was too good to keep.

One day at luncheon I found myself at a different table from usual, and in the com-

pany of a gentleman in brown uniform, whom I had at first taken for the Belgian Military attaché, and two as clean-cut young men as any university could produce. The conversation shifted round to Kazaks, and to my article referring to the Kazaks. It then came out that my three companions were all Kazaks, — one a general commanding a regiment of the Guards, and two lieutenants. The lunch was followed by a visit to their barracks, where I saw a perfectly ordered camp. Some of the men were engaged in correcting the sights of their rifles, which had suffered during the campaign. Others were practising a new method of using machine guns.

The officer in charge of the detachment was called upon to explain this to me, but his command of French was limited, and another officer, not attached to the machine guns, took up the tale and showed entire familiarity with the subject.

From Kazak officers I received the following outline of Kazak history: —



Kazak Sabre Exercises

Don Kazak Rough Riders

After the Grand Duchy of Moscow had become strong enough to throw off the Mongol yoke, the country was continually invaded by bands of Mongol and Turkish raiders, who came in quest of plunder and, in particular, in quest of slaves to be sold in the Crimean market.

The roads of invasion followed the rivers Ural, Volga, Don, and Dnieper.

Against them the kings of Moscovy and Poland built regular fortifications and named their garrisons "Kazaks." Around and beyond these forts along each of the rivers communities grew and took the name "Free Kazaks." These Kazaks were at once men whose temperaments led them to the wild life of guerilla warfare and who objected to the restraints of life near the centre of government. The substance of these communities were Russians, but all nationalities were admitted, history pointing to the presence even of a few Englishmen.

For years the Kazaks of the Dniester acknowledged the king of Poland as overlord.

The Kazaks of the Don, the Volga, and the Ural always acknowledged the Czar, from whom they obtained arms and ammunition, and who, in turn, was glad to avail himself of these professional warriors.

Nowhere did the Kazaks pay any land taxes. In the early years they acknowledged no law but their own.

Elections of officers were held every year. Every Kazak was eligible to become a Captain of a sotnia; every Captain was eligible to become a colonel. The Ataman (headman) was elected for life, which was a precarious tenure, as he always led in battle.

The Kazaks were exhorted to obedience on the ground that some day each one might become the Ataman.

At one time the king of Poland attempted to organize a regular body of Kazak troops, giving them the privileges of Polish nobility, but this plan proved unsuccessful.

The Kazaks of the Dnieper had a central organization, which is the most picturesque feature of Kazak history. A celibate organi-

zation resembling somewhat the Knights Templars and somewhat the Turkish Janissaries, this band lived in an intrenched camp in the marches of the Dnieper River called the "Setch."

The warriors of the Setch were a form of regulars or permanent force of Kazaks, while the other Kazaks living in their own villages, or even in the villages with other Russians, were like minute men to be called to action at a moment's notice.

The Setch lived on the booty of warfare, and allowed outside merchants to trade, exchanging great quantities of plunder for small quantities of wine and the necessities of life.

To this body of free companions any man might come by acknowledging the supremacy of the Czar and the Orthodox Church.

Hilarious fellowship was the rule of life in the Setch; rigorous discipline and total abstinence the rule in campaign. A drop of wine or a sign of fear in war were offences immediately punished with death.

The Kazaks had the same warning signal by fire to announce the invasion of an enemy that has been prevalent on all border communities in ancient times. If the permanent force was not strong enough to check the enemy, it made a counter-attack into his country, while troops were gathered in the interior to repel the invasion.

As may be expected, the Kazaks did not confine themselves to the defence of Russian territory, but made many an invasion across the Black Sea into Turkey. These were repudiated and supported by the Czar, very much as the exploits of the English buccaneers were repudiated and supported by Queen Elizabeth at the same period.

In the war between Charles XII of Sweden and Peter the Great the Kazaks remained neutral, although the Ataman Mazeppa sided with the invader. In punishment for this Peter the Great razed the Setch to the ground.

In the reign of Catherine II a peasant of the Don Cossacks, Pugacheff, declared himself to be the Czar, Peter the Third, and led

a revolt. He was overcome and beheaded and Catherine undertook the re-organization of the Kazaks.

The Kazaks of the Dnieper and Volga were removed to the Turkish frontier between the Black and Caspian seas. They are now known as the Kazaks of the Caucasus, and are the only Kazaks to wear a different uniform from other Russian troops. They wear the long-skirted coat of the Circassians, caps of the shape of the Turkish fez made of lambs' wool. The swords may be as ornate as the Kazak's purse can buy, and he can use his own taste in the color of his uniform.

Catherine also ended all powers of self-government of the Kazaks of the Don and the Ural and incorporated them under the bureaucracy. As a recompense she gave wide and rich lands, including the larger part of the rivers from which caviar is produced.

While the government of the Kazaks is now autocratic, their habit of life is socialistic, the sources of income being held in common.

Lands are allotted in rotation to each family according to its need, and the individual can have private property only in his savings from the crops. As the Kazak lands are wide and rich, the entire community is wealthy. Every Kazak is well off and aside from military service is not hard driven for a living.

In 1873 the Prussian system of military training was adopted amongst the Kazaks with modifications, there being three years training, twelve years in the active army, and the balance of the Kazak's life in reserve.

The Kazak is more of a trained soldier now than other trained soldiers of military Europe from his habit of mind, whereby he considers himself a soldier always, and not merely during his term of service, and from the fact that he knows himself to be better off than his neighbor, and knows this advantage comes from his military superiority and can be retained only by continued superiority.

Kazak officers must graduate from the cavalry schools just as other cavalry offi-

cers, and thus they add all that modern military science can give to their home training.

While I was visiting the Guards Corps the officers of a Kazak battery of Horse Artillery gave a party.

First were mounted games. Fences had been erected, ditches dug, among other things a most severe in-and-out obstacle. This was something with which I was familiar. The performances of horses and men were splendid.

Next followed a competition with the sabre, which consisted in cutting willow branches, slicing potatoes, and picking up on the point a bag of straw representing a man lying on the ground. If the drill had been one of a few picked men, it might not have been remarkable. The fact that all the men of a battery of artillery who had not recently practised this particular exercise showed a universal excellence was an indication of the value of the soldiers.

Then came rough riding, beginning with such simple things as standing upon the saddle at full gallop and Roman riding, and two

men picking up a third dismounted comrade, and a dismounted man leaping behind a galloping companion.

This was followed by such gymnastics as I have never seen in any circus, the men swinging from the pommels of their saddles while the horses were in full gallop and leaping from one side of their horses to the other side, and turning somersaults on the backs as on parallel bars, and — the greatest feat of all, — a six foot, one-hundred-eighty-pound sergeant with a breast covered with decorations and crosses of St. George performed all these things with a sabre clenched in his teeth. The last feature was picking up a handkerchief from the ground at full run. The Kazaks do not withdraw one foot from the stirrup and take the stirrup leather in the hand as we do in this trick, but fasten the stirrups together under the horse and lower themselves and pull themselves back in the saddle entirely with their legs. The trick of picking up the handkerchief was very badly done until the colonel of the

Don Kazak and Boy Scout

battery took the hint and put five roubles in each handkerchief, after which there were no more failures.

After the athletics, we proceeded to the company kitchens to sample the soldiers' food, which was good enough for anybody, and then we proceeded to the battery, which was cocked up on end to attack aircraft, in the same manner as described in a previous chapter.

We also looked at the officers' mounts. These were all of thoroughbred stock which had been introduced into the Kazak country some years before. I was surprised when the Colonel told me that these horses, which had been acclimatized to Kazak life, stood the hardships of war as well as any. They could, of course, run circles around the average cavalry mount.

Every Kazak soldier provides his own uniform and his own horse, of which he naturally takes the best care, and which he has trained beyond anything within my experience.

No Kazak uses the curb bit or spurs, but if encouragement is necessary it is given with a whip, much like the quirt of our Western plains.

At dinner we had caviar from the Volga and fish that had been caught in the Narew River that day and many other good things to eat.

Just as the meal started the giant sergeant marched into the room with about twenty picked voices from among the soldiers, while the rest of the battery stood outside and joined in the choruses.

The sergeant in a remarkable tenor carried the air of the chorus songs, but men with even better voices than he sang the solos.

We listened to many tales of the adventures of Stenka Rasin, the Robin Hood of the Volga, and followed his career up to the point when, having fallen in love with a Circassian princess he had taken prisoner, he was content to float down the Volga, robbing no more; but being reproached by his companions for his lack of enterprise he re-

covered his spirit and threw the young lady into the river.

At the end of this tragic tale the singers filed out, and other soldiers carried into the room and laid on the floor what appeared to be the body of a man entirely swathed in blankets. I was beginning to wonder what strange rite this might be and whether a victim of the day's sharp-shooting was being brought before us, when the arms of the body under the blankets were raised, displaying two manikins made up in the costume of a Kazak man and woman.

The play was a domestic sketch. A flirtation was followed by a quarrel. The lady slapped the gentleman's face, and he, with great presence of mind, immediately knocked her down. The lady's clothes were sadly disarranged by the fall, which evidently was not part of the play, for the sergeant, who was stage-managing the performance, stepped forward and modestly pulled down the skirt. On the floor the injured wife lay and refused to move until her spouse, leaning over, set

her upon her feet. He then insisted that she kneel and apologize, to which she replied with a vigorous shake of the head, but upon his threatening a further chastisement she thought better of it, and not once but twice bowed herself in humility. Whereupon he bowed in his turn. The reconciled couple embraced, and four soldiers carried out both actors and "stage."

Then came in a dancer, — a man on rubber legs, who danced to the music of an accordion. I was told he was the best dancer in the battery, and was willing to concede he was the best dancer in the army.

Once I was put out of countenance by the request that I should show the officers the national dances of America. Ideas of a cake walk floated through my mind, but were not expressed, and to my further surprise the colonel himself announced that he would dance in my honor.

The colonel was past the half-way mark to threescore and ten, and probably could not have danced so long as the young soldier,

but faced by a lieutenant he went to work, and while he kept it up danced better than the battery champion.

I was asked to address the troops, but, of course, was unable to do so, and Colonel Englhart, Colonel of the Staff, steeplechase rider, and member of the Duma, spoke in my stead. I do not know what he said, but apparently the speech was a success; for both he and I were lifted upon the shoulders of the gunners and cheered while we emptied a glass of Kazak wine.

Following this a bearded trooper imitated in voice and gesture a popular music-hall comedienne, and the entertainment was closed with a chorus, one hundred voices joining in the war song of the Kazaks of the Don.

It was a band of Kazaks which took possession of Siberia and gave it to the Czar, and also which discovered the Pacific Ocean. As the Empire has pushed into Asia, Kazak communities have been established all along the frontier. They are, indeed, bands of organized frontiersmen.

Their prowess in war is attested by the fear of them spread in other countries which have warred on Russia. The tradition of the Kazaks is still among the Swedes. Napoleon said, "Europe will be all republican or all Kazak."

After my return from Russia I was astounded to hear from a European military officer that the Kazaks were an irregular body of guerillas, useful to harry a defeated army, but unable to contend with regular troops.

The truth about this is that they are to regular troops what regular troops are to militia. Fortunately I have brought from Russia more than my opinion; whoever is unwilling to depart from his preconceived notions should see the moving pictures I have taken of a Kazak charge and of the English General Paget reviewing the Kazaks of the Guard.

The Kazaks are frontiersmen. We know the superiority of frontiersmen over all other troops of equal training. In addition to this

the Kazaks are an hereditary military organization like the Samurai of Japan. Where other European troops are trained for three years these are trained from childhood. They bring to the army more personal military knowledge than the average soldier takes with him when he leaves after three years. They then undergo as much training as is given to the ignorant recruits.

The result is that the Kazaks are a body of soldiers such as exist nowhere else in the world. I speak with confidence, for I have been to see all the Allies' armies, I have been a horseman for twenty-five years, and have played polo constantly in the last twelve.

There is no *considerable* body of troops in the world that can, *mounted*, offer any serious resistance to the Kazaks.

CHAPTER X

With the "Corps de la Garde"

I was ten days putting on paper my observations upon the Russian army and in compiling the information from which I wrote the history of the war to date.

The completion of this work was contemporaneous with the beginning of the Austro-German advance upon Tarnow.

I asked to be attached to the army of General Dimitrieff, which was receiving the first assault, but was told that the forces in that theatre of the war had instructions to retire, and that they would be much too occupied between fighting and retreating to have time to look after a stranger.

As compensation I was given leave to visit the Corps de la Garde on another front. This invitation was thankfully accepted, as

it would give me further time to study the Russian army from within, and I hoped that on a further acquaintance I might some day be allowed to accompany an active force upon the march.

And so I went to the headquarters of the Guards Corps in a good-sized town that could easily have furnished luxurious quarters for all the officers if these were desired. The headquarters proper were in a school house. One room was given over to the disposition of troops, maps papered the walls, and the officers employed on this work slept several to a room in the building, so as to be immediately available in any emergency. They all slept on the regulation camp beds, differing only in detail from ours.

General Bezobrazoff, commanding the corps, was the only officer to have a room for himself. He slept in his office.

Another room was used for the Provost Court.

While I was there the trial of an alleged spy took place. Every one, including the

official defender, was convinced of his guilt, but the court held the evidence insufficient for conviction, so the man — an Austrian — was sent to a detention camp.

The case against him was that he had entered Russian territory after the outbreak of war without a passport and had come into the lines of the army without giving notice of his nationality, without having any friends in the neighborhood, without any reasonable excuse for so doing. He was acquitted because no act of espionage was proved. I am curious to know what courts-martial of the other warring armies have done in similar cases.

The room over the staff office is used as dining-room. Here at two long oilcloth-covered tables sit all the officers from the general commanding down to sixteen-year-old Count Zamoiski. The youngster has the rank of a non-commissioned officer. He is personal aide to the general and has won the St. George Cross for soldiers of the second Order for courage under fire.

The commander lunches at twelve and dines at seven-thirty, but as duties bring officers in at all hours of day and night, some one can be found in the dining-room at almost any time.

The procedure at table is a mixture of formality and informality. Whenever the commander addresses any officer, that person rises and remains standing during the conversation. This applies as much to major-generals as to lieutenants.

On the other hand, the young end of the table is as hilarious as an American college dining-room. At an unusual burst of laughter the general stops his conversation and smiles down the table. Sometimes he asks the subject of amusement. He says it helps him to renew his youth.

Upon one occasion he asked me if I was not reminded of a big school. It is a school, — the school of the Russian army.

How young those officers are, and how like our college sophomores as they pour their milk from wine bottles supplied by a solemn-

looking old orderly who played the same joke upon their fathers in the war of '77.

When will some far-seeing college president furnish a similar training for our youth, so we will not be without officers when the time comes that we have to fight for our institutions and our firesides?

Some, not all, of the older officers take wine with their meals, sometimes a glass, sometimes two, never much.

The war has called back to the colors many retired officers. One of them is a member of the Duma and also a celebrated steeplechase rider. Another who served in the Turkish war retired later to manage his personal affairs. It was hard for him not to return for the Japanese war, but his children were of such an age he could not leave them. Now that he has a boy of twenty-two to take charge at home, he is back at the front in his sixty-third year, cheerfully serving with less rank than the sons of some of his former comrades in arms.

The first officer I met I had seen before.

1 2

1. Grand Duke Boris. 2. General Bezobrazoff, Commander of Guards Corps

He was Colonel Rodanko, the first prize winner at Madison Square Garden two years ago.

It was my pleasure to spend a week in this company. Two officers moved out of a room and one left his bed for me. Protests that the hotel was perfectly good were unavailing and I never learned the identity of my benefactors. The general assigned one of his orderlies, an African from Abyssinia, to take care of me, saying truthfully that it would make me feel at home.

General Bezobrazoff at his dinner table is like an indulgent parent. But stories are still told of his dash as a young officer. And the way he put his regiments into the fight at Warsaw will command a chapter in the permanent military history of the war.

Both he and the Duke of Mecklenburg, chief of artillery, were more than kind in furnishing me with military instruction and the new lessons learned in this war.

Fortunately the Seminovski regiment held its fête while I was at Lomza, and General

Bezobrazoff was kind enough to invite the British artillery attaché, Lieutenant Colonel Ellershaw, and me to the ceremony.

The morning of the fête we went to the front to see the practice of a new type of field artillery. We were so interested in its performance as to fail to note the passage of time. Thus we missed the assembly of the troops. When we arrived the regiment was already drawn up in hollow square for a Solemn Mass.

In an orchard had been erected the two altars which the Greek service requires. One was in a line of the troops, the other in the centre of the square. Near the first were the choir, chosen singers from the regiment; at the second, the priests with their high collars and flowing robes, some of white, some of yellow. In the centre of the square stood the general commanding the corps, and behind him his staff and the commander of the regiment. Beside him on his left, upon a spirited thoroughbred racehorse, sat a grave man with pointed beard and thinning hair. It was the

Grand Duke Boris, who had visited the United States as a young man twelve years ago. The change these years had wrought in him reminded me forcibly of the lapse of time.

At a word of command the troops grounded arms, at another word they removed their caps. The service began. The service was intoned throughout, and was assisted from time to time by the voices of the choir. The soldiers neither sang nor prayed audibly, but their ardent participation in the ceremony could be seen from their moving lips and the devout way in which they made the sign of the cross.

The service was conducted in Russian, and therefore was unintelligible to me except that I could tell when prayers were being made for the Emperor by the intoned "Nicolas Alexandrovitch," and for the Commander-in-Chief from the words "Nicolas Nicolai'itch." Prayers were also made for the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, who was on the point of death and who has since died.

I had attended military Masses before, notably at the headquarters of the 5th Army and at the Great General Staff, where the Grand Duke, Commander-in-Chief, participated in the royal box and where the congregation consisted of the staff and all the Cossack Guard.

The Cossacks are said to be the most devout of the Russians, but I have been impressed by the unanimity of the religious feeling which permeates the whole army.

At the close of the service the chief priest advanced with a golden crucifix to the commander general, but he indicated the Grand Duke Boris, who was first to kiss the crucifix, and the priest kissed his hand. Next it was presented to officers in order of rank, and each was blessed by the priest with holy water.

It being impossible for the entire regiment, or as it often happens an entire army corps, to be blessed individually at public Mass, the chief priest, followed by the General and Staff, marched round the inside of the hollow square, carrying a small pine branch. This he dipped

in a bowl of holy water carried by an assistant and threw the spray over the bowed heads of the soldiers.

Following the final blessing the altars were removed, the choir members resumed their places in the ranks, the commandant of the day took station in the middle of the square. Caps were resumed, troops came to attention, the shout of the battlefield replaced the intoning of the church service.

Followed ceremonies particular to the regiment. At some of these only the troops came to the salute; at others troops and the officers; at others the officers alone. Being in the front rank of the visitors, I found myself somewhat lost when to salute and when not. Stepping back and turning to the left, I hoped to model my conduct after that of the British attaché, to find that officer had been copying my mistakes in the same manner. A Russian officer perceiving our embarrassment took station where we could see him to model our conduct upon.

The commandant in the centre called for

cheers for various men and things, which were heartily responded to by 4000 throats, and he called for cheers for the Emperor, to which the woods resounded until my arm grew tired from maintaining the salute, while the band played the National Hymn not once but several times.

A review followed.

I suppose readers will become weary of my constant allusion to the military exercises which seemed to me foolish formalities before I came to war. They do look foolish at home, but in sound of the enemy's guns, even the strut step has its value. The straightened back and lifted head react favorably upon the nervous system of the man about to go under fire. The eager response to orders is to a regiment what snap is to a football team. A regiment that has learned its drill feels a thrill of conscious strength as it wheels into line, and is built up to resist the terrors which the individual courage could not withstand.

The parade of a Guard regiment is a remarkable sight. The officers are the average size

of man, but the soldiers are a head taller and full fifty pounds heavier to the man. This is in marked contrast to the English regiments, where I have remarked that the officers are notably taller than the men — a fact which the German sharp-shooters have not been slow to discover, and which similarity of uniforms cannot hide.

I noticed that many of the officers were very young, and that not a few walked with a limp, which could not be hidden before the reviewing stand. Small wonder! The regiment had seventy officers at the outbreak of the war, and has suffered seventy-four casualties.

After the review there was a reception for the officers at which I snapped a photograph of the Grand Duke Boris and General Bezobrazoff. Then while the regiment picnicked under the trees, a birthday dinner was held indoors. The table was not large enough for all, so only the officers of higher rank were seated; the captains and lieutenants, except a foreign attaché, stood.

This fête formed the occasion of meeting between friends whom war had separated, and was pleasant to see. Those who had received promotion or decoration for distinguished service were the recipients of hearty congratulations in which no appearance of jealousy was visible. In particular, General Ettor, a native of Finland, received news that he had been appointed aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

Various toasts were drunk, beginning with the health of the Czar and ending with the toast to England, the king of England and the British army, in honor of the British military attaché. Then as he stood the band played "Rule Britannia." Noticing that an American was present word was hurriedly sent to the toast-master to include our country, and similar hurried instructions were sent to the band. The Toast-master gave the toast, "America, President Wilson, and the American Army." And while I, the sole American, stood, the young officers shouted with fellowship, and the band outside strained to the tune of the "Star-spangled Banner."

Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch

Prince Peter of Oldenbourg, Brother-in-law of Tsar

Grand Duke Peter of Russia

As we drove back to our headquarters, we saw the regiment at play. Some were playing Two Villages, the Russian ninepins, some were swinging on the parallel bars and the horizontal bar, while the new recruits had procured the services of non-commissioned officers and were spending their holiday in practising the attack, which little fact would have given me an insight into the morale of the army if at this stage of the war I had needed any.

Such an organization as the Imperial Guard would be impossible, of course, in a republic. It is the heart of the army in Russia, and very similar organizations hold the same positions in Prussia and Japan.

The idea of an Imperial Guard in Russia originated with Peter the Great, who enrolled the first regiment. Other Emperors have added to it until it comprises a corps of three infantry divisions with artillery, and a division of cavalry with horse artillery. Among the cavalry are certain regiments and batteries of Cossacks of the Guard.

The soldiers of the Guard are the picked men of the entire Empire. Once assigned to the Guard, they are divided among the different regiments according to certain physical characteristics.

For instance, all the snub-nosed men belong to the regiment of the Emperor Paul, who was snub-nosed.

One regiment gets the biggest of the Guardsmen, it is a regiment of giants; to another all the darkest men are given, and so on.

The officers of the Guard are the most privileged men of the Empire.

Most of them are graduates of the Corps des Pages, the school of Court pages. The pupils of this school are the Knights of Malta. That order elected the Emperor Paul to be their head, and he carried on the formula of the ancient institution in this way.

Entrance to the school is restricted to —

(1) Sons of Knights of Malta, former pupils.
(2) Sons of generals and of lieutenant-generals — but not of major-generals.

(3) Boys of families which have been noble for one hundred years or more.

The pupils are pages of the Imperial family. The two highest in studies are pages of the Emperor, the next are pages of the Empress Dowager, the next pages of the Empress, the remainder pages of the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, those of highest rank in scholarship being attached to the Grand Duke of highest rank, and so on.

The Corps des Pages is the best military school in Russia. Its course is seven years, during the first of which the pupil may live with his parents if they are in Petrograd, but the older boys must live in the barracks.

Any graduate of the Corps des Pages has the requisite education to become an officer of the Guards. He then makes application for membership in one of the regiments. If his father has been a member of the regiment, he enters by right; if not, the officers of the regiment decide whether they want him.

In some regiments the system of election by balls is used. When a name is presented

each officer of the regiment casts a white, a red, or a black ball. The candidate must have at least twice as many white balls as black balls. The red balls are not counted.

The regimental officers also have the right to expel a member for any act deemed injurious to the dignity of the regiment, or even for being an unpleasant comrade. The commonest reason for expulsion is for marrying a woman of low rank. In one case a Guard officer was expelled for marrying the daughter of a colonel of police. In some regiments wives must be elected in the same way as their husbands.

A Guards officer leaving the Guard in this way has the option of retiring or of accepting the next higher grade in the army. There are no majors in Russia and no lieutenant-colonels in the Guard, battalions of the Guard being commanded by colonels. The regiments of the Guard are commanded by major-generals, there being no brigadiers in Russia. The regimental commander is usually taken from a different regiment, as it

is considered difficult for an officer to exercise regimental command over his comrades.

An exception is in the distinguished family of Ettor, where both father and son have commanded the Seminovski regiment in which they served as junior officers.

The regimental commander has charge of all military regulation, serious matters coming before a court martial.

Social matters are regulated by an officers' meeting under the presidency of the senior colonel. The exception is in the question of a duel, where the permission of the regimental commander is required — and is hard to get.

Promotion in the Guard is entirely by seniority, but as the law requires a certain proportion of the regiments of the *army* to be commanded by colonels of the *Guard*, promotion is rapid. Whenever one encounters a young army regimental commander, he may be nearly sure that the officer is from the Guard.

Before assuming new rank every officer must pass an examination. He may even,

by study in the proper school, pass from one arm of the service to another.

With the advantage of superior early education, of more rapid promotion in the lower grades, with easier access to those in power, the Guardsmen have great advantages over the officers of the army. As a result the one Corps de la Garde produces a large majority of the generals. The advantage, however, is only the advantage of *opportunity*. Unfit men are not consciously promoted. If appearance of merit procures high rank, demonstration of lack of fitness leads to instant dismissal. Of this fact the fate of the erstwhile famous General Renenkampf is a fair example.

The four ranking officers in the Russian army to-day are a Grand Duke, an untitled nobleman from the Guard, and two peasant sons from the *army*. No one denies that each of these is the best man obtainable for his place.

Two divisions make an army corps, four army corps an army; six armies a group. A brother of the Czar commands a division in a group generaled by the son of a peasant.

CHAPTER XI

Trips from the Corps Headquarters

When I first arrived at the Guards Corps there was some doubt whether I was to be allowed to visit the front. I took advantage of the time it took to get specific permission to visit the organization back of the line. My investigation impressed me with the great advantage of an organized nation at war over a nation defended by a professional army. The first frees all its fighting men for action while the second must devote numbers and energy to the work of the rear.

Furthermore the work of the most competent people offered freely is more efficient than that of salaried employes.

To the fact that Russia is a nation at war, not a nation with only its army at war, may be attributed the extraordinary completeness

of its organization back of the fighting line — an organization not carried in the army manuals and whose existence is unknown in Petrograd, even in Warsaw.

Members of the Duma are largely engaged in this work, as are a great part of the business men and landowners, whose age or lack of experience keeps them from serving in the active army. The larger part of these serve along the principal lines of communication, from dressing stations to division hospitals or corps hospitals, on the hospital trains, in the big cities. There are as many more employed among the relief stations along the rear of the armies.

In back of the firing line is a vast traffic of ammunition, of supplies, of soldiers and horses arriving to fill the losses, of slightly wounded going to the rear on foot or in emptied transport wagons, of convalescents returning to the front.

To care for these are a number of rest stations dotted about five miles apart. At every one of these, an immense kettle of

soup and a mountain range of black bread awaits the hungry. For soldier and civilian alike, for transport driver and for refugee, but one requirement is asked — "Wash." At each of these places is provided a trough, soap, and towel. In the larger posts, a bath has been set up and the night-bound traveller can take a bath if he wants to, if he doesn't want to he must. At the larger posts also are found hospitals of a few beds where casual invalids are cared for and sent to the main hospitals.

In the ones I visited, the equipment was complete, even to newspapers.

Chapels are generally erected in buildings when these are available, otherwise in tents. I took a good picture of one chapel made from pine branches.

One day I visited six of these stations in company of Colonel Simond Norzimoff of the Seminovski regiment.

When I was ready to stop I was asked to visit a few more so that I could testify to

their existence to the representative of one of the world's most perfect armies who had expressed a belief that some that he had seen were "planted" to impress the military attachés on their tour.

The most pretentious station I saw that day was at the rail head. Here, in addition to the structures heretofore described, was an officers' club house. There were cots for the benighted and stacks of illustrated newspapers. Here was a buffet of every known kind of cold food.

Here also was a tea urn presided over by a pretty girl, who doubtless holds the world's record of cups of tea poured in a single day, both grand total and served to one man. The lieutenant that we found and left there took, to my actual count — but that is not your business or mine either.

The number and the service rendered by these young girls should be the subject of a poem. There are older women, too, many officers' wives, and many officers' widows. The lady who is in charge of their work took

us to the evacuation hospital where wounded were kept for shipment to the rear. It is in an old freight shed and has been the target for many bomb attacks.

Fortunately there have not yet been any casualties among the women.

The lady who has given up the drawing-room for the dressing room and says that she will never return to the former, was emphatic in her denunciation of the bomb attacks on hospitals.

"Why don't you concentrate the prisoner wounded here?" asked a man present.

"Oh," she replied with a visible shudder, "God would not like that."

My last night at the front was made delightful by an invitation to dine with the regimental mess of General Ettor and acceptance was made possible by the Red Cross putting an automobile at my disposal.

I arrived at the beautiful Polish villa which the general used as his headquarters just at sunset, and came upon a scene more suggestive of the Louis XVI pictures than of grim war.

Before the villa was a wide lawn, and flowering bushes dotted its surface. The owner in departing had left behind a number of Polish collie dog puppies that gambolled over the ground and fawned upon the visitors.

The general was sitting under the trees as though he were at his own home in peace times; indeed, my visit reminded him of a previous occasion when some Americans had dined at his home, and the smallness of the world was shown by the fact that the visitors had included Sheldon Whitehouse, now Secretary to the American Legation at Athens, — a college mate of mine.

When I had last visited the General his regiment was occupying a different position and his headquarters was in a peasant's hut.

The pictures I had had taken of him on that occasion all failed, so now I tried my amateur luck in the uncertain light, and obtained a splendid likeness of the man who originated the idea of using his prisoners as reserves.

The dinner was to me like meeting old

friends; for, although I had only seen these men once before, acquaintances ripen rapidly at the front.

On my right at table was the officer commanding the cavalry of this regiment; for, as an innovation of this war, each regiment of the Guards has sixty mounted men. At the outbreak of war this dashing soldier was a professor of philosophy in a university. He had, however, the benefit of a military education and exchanged his gown for a tunic with enthusiasm.

He was the fourth civilian in time of peace to whom my attention was called, the other three being Colonel Nicolas Beaieff, professor of metallurgy, who had been kind enough to act as interpreter for me when in the second army; the commander of the 256th Regiment of Infantry, whose name I have forgotten, but who was pointed out to me by General Zakharoff, an engineer graduate of a military school who had retired to private life, but joining the army at the outbreak of war, he showed such distinct ability as to mount

rapidly to command of a regiment. There was also Colonel Englhart, to whom I have frequently referred in this book.

The dessert that evening was particularly delicious, and was nothing but plain milk warmed for an hour in an oven and then allowed to sour for three days.

News of the declaration of war by Italy came during the meal and was a welcome break in the bulletins of the retreat from Tarnow, which had been arriving steadily more than a week.

After dinner I paid a last visit to the trenches. The night was clear but moonless, so the Germans were sending up the beautiful rockets called "flares" to light up their enemies' trenches.

As we approached the firing line we came upon all that was left of a village. Every wall was down, every chimney was down; it could almost be said that not a stone remained upon another. Only by the foundations outlining some big building could I see where a rich manufacturer had been ruined.

Wherever cellars had been built these were being used as dwellings. We visited one vaulted structure 20 feet long by 15 feet wide used as a company office. It was very comfortably fitted up and in one corner were a stock of tins that the captain had laid in to supplement the regimental fare. Our host even had a bottle or so of wine, which might have been found in the village or may have come from his home. Nothing but a shell of the heaviest calibre could have penetrated to this retreat, a safety which was of more value to the company's books than the company commander, because his position was on the firing line during a bombardment.

As we left the village and walked along beside the communicating trenches, German machine guns started to rattle in our front.

The machine gun is the most deadly instrument of this war, and divides honors with the high explosive shell for moral effect. Rifle bullets are quite as deadly as machine-gun bullets and shrapnel probably scores more hits than lyddite, but when high ex-

plosives or machine guns are being used one takes little notice of the shrapnel or the rifle fire.

Officers in the Carpathians told me that the crack of the explosive bullets used by the Austrians is exceedingly disconcerting, especially to the new troops, but I never ran across any of these in my experiences.

This last visit was given a special interest, however, by the sight of a German soldier,—the only one, other than prisoners, that I saw in Poland, Galicia, France, or Belgium.

Our regiment had a splendid searchlight, or projector, as they called it. It was mounted on a collapsible structure that could be put up or taken down and transported without difficulty. While I was standing looking through a loop-hole the light was turned on, and quite halfway between the opposing trenches I saw a German scout. He was less than 100 yards away and as clearly defined as a shooting-gallery bull's-eye. I shrank a little, as I do not like to see men killed, and this scene was as dramatic

THE TRAIN USED AS HEADQUARTERS

as a play. As the seconds passed my nervousness increased; I felt that some sure marksman was drawing a steady bead.

No shot was fired and the man was suffered to withdraw to the shelter of a rifle pit.

I could not understand why the man was allowed to escape. If he had been picked up by the searchlight during a period of absolute calm, failure to shoot might have been explained on the ground of a desire not to start a fusilade, but at this time the enemy were firing not only with rifles but with machine guns.

As we returned to the regimental headquarters I mentioned the subject to one of the officers. His answer was "À quoi bon tuer le pauvre malheureux?"

There is a strange psychology about the Russians that is hard to fathom. Their military tradition and their military success are founded upon an ability to undergo a greater butchery than their enemy, and yet they would not take a life as clearly forfeited as the one I had just seen. I do not believe

any other nationality of men, under the same circumstances, would have allowed an enemy to escape.

I left the trenches with a real regret and I parted from my new-found friends with sorrow. Only once more was I to hear guns sound and see shells break, and that was on the morrow in the fortress of Ossowetz.

CHAPTER XII

Ossowetz

When Liege fell after ten days of attack; when Namur surrendered in two, when the French fortress of Maubeuge ended its resistance in two weeks, the western world said that modern siege howitzers had turned fortresses into curious antiques. When we heard stories of Russian forts holding out and throwing back the invaders we put them down as "Belgian victories." I remember writing something on the subject myself.

The story of Peremysl, which I heard from General Sullivanoff, who captured it, was not encouraging to fort builders.

After Hindenburg's first defeat before Warsaw, the Austrian army retreated to the Carpathian Mountains, leaving a garrison of 120,000 men in Peremysl.

As Russia lacked heavy guns, it could not attempt to storm the forts. Instead it threw an army of 70,000 men around the fort and advanced into the Carpathians.

Peremysl had been fortified in the most modern manner. In addition, elaborate field works had been made before the siege. Such labyrinths of trenches as I saw there I had never believed existed. Before and between the forts the Austrians had put up veritable jungles of barbed wire.

They must have expected vigorous attack, and they must have expected an early Austro-German advance from Cracow, because they left twice the normal garrison of the place and during the first weeks of siege made no attempt at economizing on food.

When they finally realized that the Russians were merely blockading them and that their relief was delayed, they made sorties, but, hemmed in by their own barbed wire and subject to shell and machine-gun fire from all sides, they were unable to advance. They became demoralized, and finally sur-

rendered with three weeks of food still left. Even their destruction of forts and bridges was not complete.

This failure increased the impression made upon me by Liege, Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp.

When I was visiting the Guards Corps I asked General Bezobrazoff one day whether the experience of this war did not show that forts had become obsolete. The veteran replied that forts have certain moral disadvantages. They tend to influence a nation to trust to stone and iron for the defence that can only come from a capable army, and they tempt generals to leave garrisons to be captured when they should take all their men with the field army.

On the other hand, they are of inestimable value as a refuge for a defeated army to rally under, as a defense to communications, as a protection to the flank of an army, as a threat on the flank or rear of an advancing foe.

He instanced how the armies retreating from East Prussia had taken refuge in Osso-

wetz, Grodno, and Olita; how the English had rested under the guns of La Feree; how his own corps had stopped Hindenburg at Ivangorod and gained time for the troops to arrive and defeat him at Warsaw; how Paris had been a vital factor at the Marne; how the Germans had used Koenigsberg against Renenkampf.

"But when the great artillery comes up, the fort becomes a liability, not an asset?" I asked.

"Certainly not, if both fort and men are good," he replied. "Go and see Ossowetz."

So, with some misgivings as to the propriety of my request, I wired the great Headquarters that I wished to visit Ossowetz. In three days came back the reply that the governor had been given orders to show me the fort, but I must be careful not to tell any military secrets.

Thus it was that I arrived at the fortress of Ossowetz early one morning before bombarding time and breakfasted in a casemate which a 42-centimeter shell had struck but not penetrated; saw but could not tell the

COMMANDER OF FORTRESS OF OSSOWETZ, WITH CHIEF ENGINEER AND CHIEF OF STAFF AT FRONT WALL OF OUTER FORT

UNEXPLODED GERMAN SHELLS. THE LARGEST IS FROM THE 16-INCH SIEGE GUN, THE NEXT LARGEST FROM THE 11-INCH FIELD HOWITZER

The largest shell used in the American army is 4.7, smaller than the smallest in the picture.

extent of the dent it made, and then with the general commanding inspected the defences.

Ossowetz is situated on the only ridge of dry ground that crosses a forty-mile-long marsh. From a near-by hill-top, General Skobeleff chose its location, and the hill bears the name of Skobeleff to this day.

I give no information to the besiegers when I say that the forts are built among a group of hills and that forests, some natural, some planted, conceal the batteries and casemates even from hostile aircraft.

Ossowetz was first built in 1888 and reconstruction was commenced in 1910 with the experience of Port Arthur to go by. It was a part of the Russian scheme of army reorganization which was not complete when the war came — the fort itself was not complete when first attacked.

Hostile fire was opened upon it on February 9. The defenders occupied advance trenches under protection of the fortress guns, and most of these they hold to-day, the fourth month of the siege.

After a few days' siege a spy entered the Russian lines, and, approaching the commander, offered him 500,000 rubles (more than $250,000) and a home in Germany to surrender the fort, saying that the guns which had reduced the forts of France and Belgium were now in position and would smash the fortress in thirty-six hours.

The spy was shot.

The bombardment which followed was the severest in history. Two hundred and fifty thousand shells of various sizes were fired into the fort, including those of 28 and 42 centimeter calibre.[1] To this fire the concealed batteries constantly replied.

During every respite the band paraded, and while the tired artillerymen rested, the infantry swarmed out and repaired the damage. First the defences were remade, then other evidence of the bombardment was obliterated.

The general explained that the appearance

[1] The American army possesses only about fifty thousand shells of the smallest size and has no facilities for making more in war time. It is also almost without artillery.

of a fort in siege greatly affected the morale of the troops. He ought to know, as he was on the outside of Plevna and the inside of Port Arthur. Of the trees blown down he made abatis.

"It comes from Cæsar's time, and is still the best," he said. "Besides, since the enemy cut it, courtesy requires its use."

He was an ideal old warrior, with a roar of laughter like the explosion of a shell. If he had not been a teetotaler, I would compare him favorably with King Cole! He was the very man to encourage troops in the thankless task of defending a fort.

I learned from him that the way to defend a fort was to fight from the utmost range of your guns, continually shelling the advancing trenches, countermining and counterattacking.

Dispersion and concealment are the cardinal points of modern forts. When a garrison is driven behind its parapets the enemy's fire, being more concentrated, becomes more deadly. No longer can the defender depend upon the security of a wall.

"The soldier must never get the idea that the fort is to keep him from contact with the enemy," the general said. "It is only to equalize the enemy's superiority in numbers."

Indeed, in a modern siege the man in the front trench is not necessarily the worst off. He faces bullet and bayonet and hand bomb, but he is saved the concussion of the great shells.

The Belgian forts were a little old, but the real trouble was that the army was too young. It would not stand a bayonet attack outside the fort. It would not stand the shell fire within. Belgium is now paying the price of being bellicose and unmilitary. If Liege and Namur had held like Ossowetz there would be a different history of the war in the west.

At Ossowetz I have seen the ground dug up like a garden spaded by a giant spade and foot-thick trees sprawling like wheat cut by a drunken Titan. I have also reeled under the concussion of high explosive shell and can imagine the grandeur of Ossowetz under attack.

The advance infantry is in comparative safety, as the shells zizz overhead, expecting a bayonet charge of greater numbers, yet confident in its own superior physique. The reserve infantry remains in the casemates, unhurt, but never sure that one of the giant shells will not find a weak spot in the roof and throw their riven bodies high above the tree tops.

The artillery in its concealed batteries fires by compass and level at an enemy as well concealed as itself. Some artillerymen are out under fire, without the comfort of action, their guns trained on the ground across which the hostile infantry must advance. The old general is riding from point to point in his automobile and bursting into his heartening laugh as the shells break near by.

The smoke of bursting shells has risen above the forest. The surviving observers in the tree tops can no longer direct the fire of their own batteries. The time has come for the German assault. The smoke-colored

battalions advance in the same formation Napoleon used at Borodino.

Now the defending general's foresight is rewarded. His artillery, ranged long before to cover the open ground, needs no instructions, but drives its shrapnel through the smoke pall. As the charging lines waver, the tired German gunners redouble their efforts and fairly pump high explosive into the wooded hills. But they do not know where their targets lie, and ninety-five out of a hundred shells are harmless.

Confused and broken, the advantage of numbers gone, the Germans reach the advance trench.

As they approach, the Russian rifle fire dies away. The issue is decided by blade, and fists, and front teeth, as in the centuries past.

Again and again has this performance been repeated. But still the front line keeps the enemy far from the fort; still the artillery breaks the momentum of the infantry attack on the outer trenches.

Ossowetz is a much smaller fort than Liege,

and Namur, and Maubeuge, and Antwerp, but it has stood much more punishment than all of these combined.

When I commented on this, an old officer said, "You could not expect such untrained troops as the Belgians to stand high explosive shells, and you know there is no instance of untrained men stopping a bayonet attack in the open."

I wonder if we should be able to hold the line of the Sierra Nevadas.

CHAPTER XIII

Upon Modern Fortifications

I Hope that nobody who has purchased this book will fail to read this chapter on forts.

The information contained therein was obtained in Russian forts and from Russian officers, who have had the greatest experience in building and the greatest success in defending fortifications.

This opportunity has never been given to any one else, and was given to me not as a personal matter, but as an evidence of friendship of the Russian government for the American people.

I consider it particularly desirable that I should publish it because our government has forbidden American army officers to educate the American people in military affairs.

The principles governing the construction of forts are as follows: —

The fort must be built across important lines of communication. It is desirable to build them at railroad centres, but against this is the disadvantage that most railroad junctions are the sites of large cities, which, for reasons of humanity, it is undesirable to render liable to siege.

The point along the main line of railroad communication should be chosen which is naturally defensible. The best defence is now, and it always has been, a stream running through marshy banks. Mud is the greatest obstacle for troops to pass, and in winter time when the mud is frozen, running water is the strongest obstacle. It is not only hard to cross, but it is hard to mine under.

The principles of Brialmont, namely, a number of separate forts, is still the correct plan, but the forts must be much larger than the ones he built, and the gun positions must not be exposed on turrets but concealed in trees.

The central fort consists of about 600 acres.

This is built in a group of hills, natural or artificial. It is surrounded by an embankment which, in the absence of natural features, is built about forty feet high.

The slope of the ground is that at which earth will lie, namely, about a 45-degree angle, except at the extreme top where a concrete wall is built almost perpendicular for ten feet, and painted the color of grass.

Such an embankment, when properly constructed, is indistinguishable from the background at a distance of 1000 yards.

On the top of the embankment is an infantry trench, with a covered top upon which grass is grown. This top is strong enough to stop bullets and shrapnel, and it is possible to build it strong enough to stop the shells of field guns.

The structure is built without loop-holes, so that, when desirable, troops can stand shoulder to shoulder and fire without hindrance, but steel shields are provided so that the opening may be closed, leaving apertures just large enough to look and snipe through.

Near View of Field Gun

Firing a Field Gun

Brackets are provided at frequent intervals, so that machine guns may be placed at will.

The firing trench is interrupted, at intervals of a battalion deployed, by emplacements constructed for field artillery.

Immediately back of the embankment and 10 feet below the level of the outside is an asphalt roadway 60 to 80 feet wide, down the middle of which runs a railroad track. In this manner everything from troops to heavy guns can be brought to any desired spot with the least delay, and troops in particular can be manœuvred as on a parade ground.

The entire ground covered by the fort is planted with trees, preferably of the pine variety, as these do not lose their leaves in winter.

Concealed among these trees are a great number of gun positions for guns of various kinds and calibres, from six inches in diameter up to the largest which modern artillery science affords.

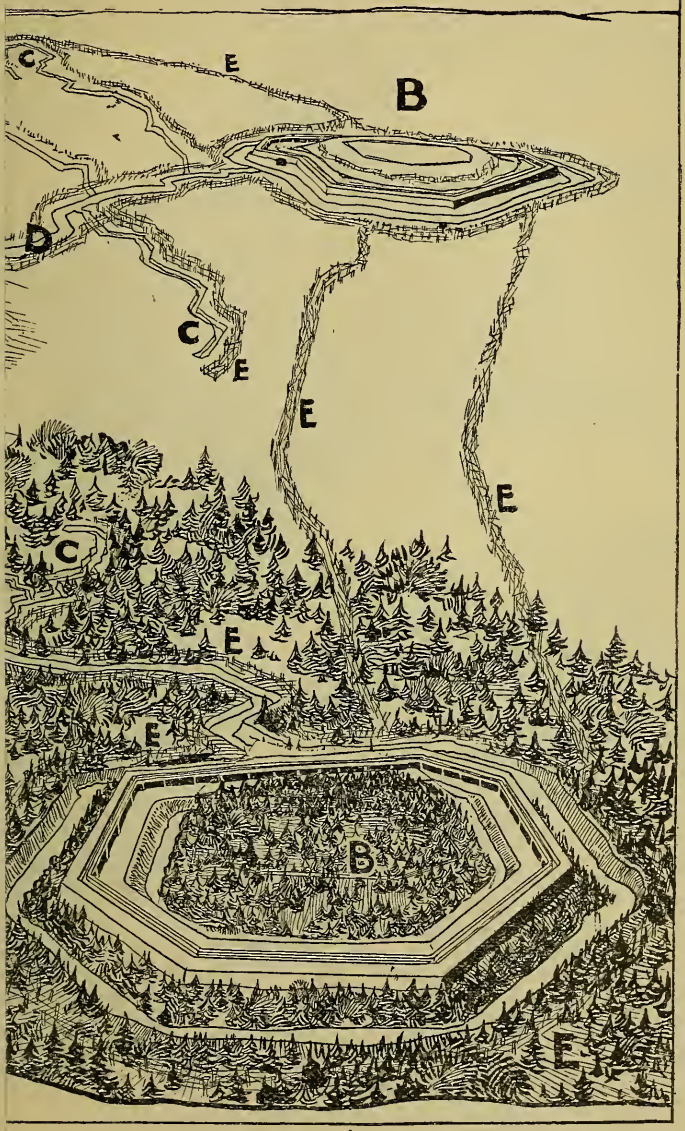
The fort must have many guns, but four or five times as many emplacements. The emplacements consist of a concrete platform, probably only five in an arc of 20 degrees, but is surrounded, except at the point of egress, by an embankment ten to fifteen feet higher than the floor. Naturally howitzer emplacements may be sunk deeper than the emplacements of guns.

Each gun has a shrapnel-proof shelter, and beside each gun and as close as possible is a covered roof capable of stopping everything but heavy shells.

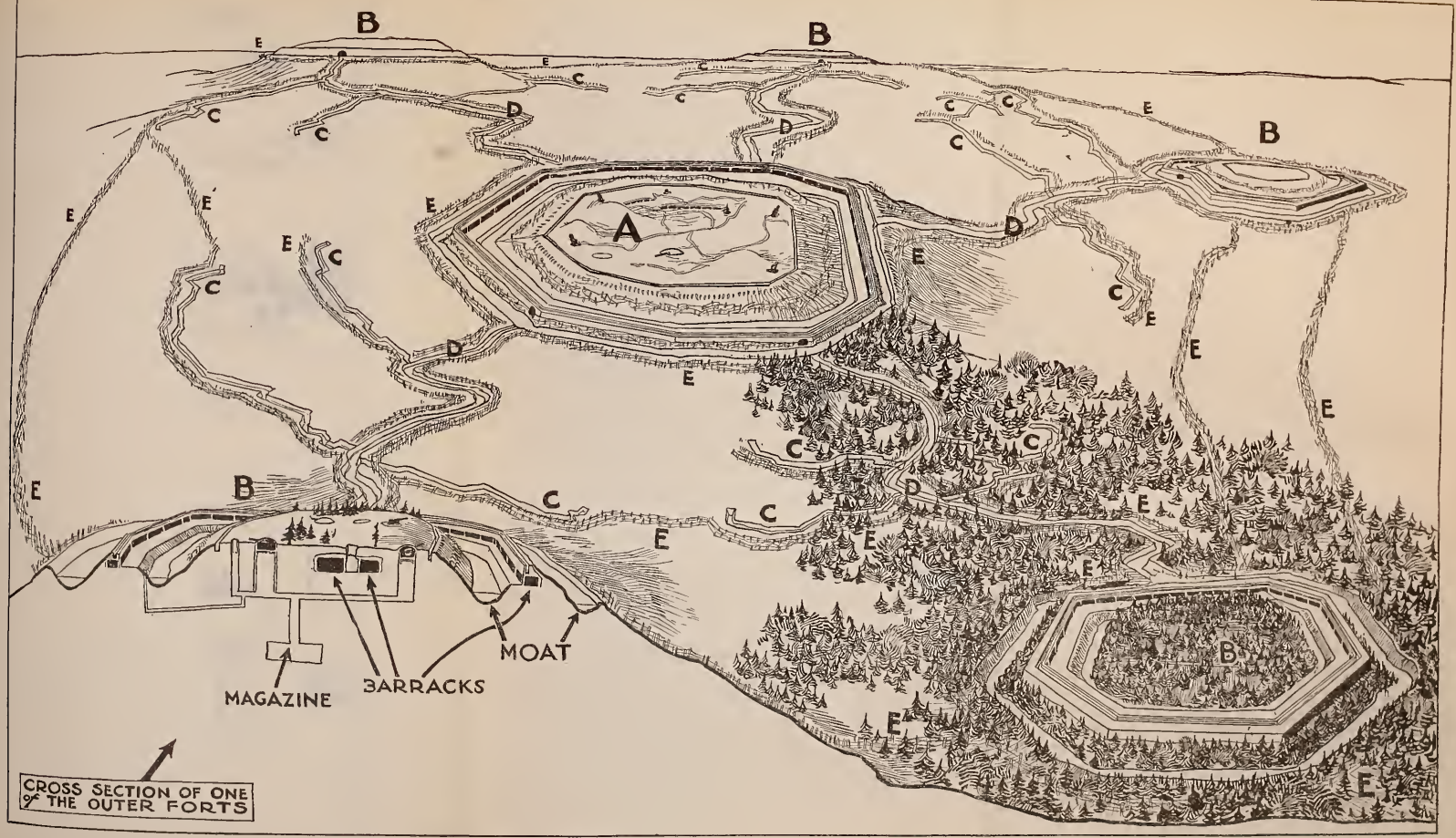
These gun emplacements are made as small as artillery experts deem possible, so as to limit the space in which a shell can fall.

The guns used in these emplacements are not mobile in the sense of field artillery, but are on small wheels and can be moved along the perfect roads of the fortress. Thus when the enemy locates a battery of this kind, it is moved by motor transport to another concealed position.

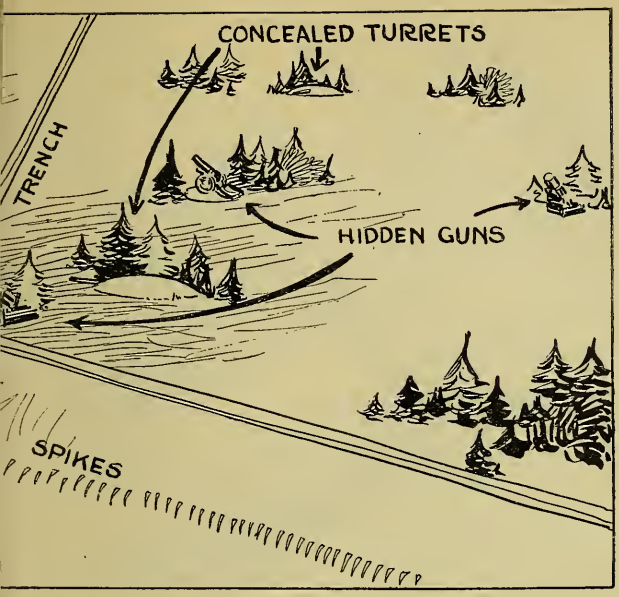
In time of siege the infantry live in redoubts

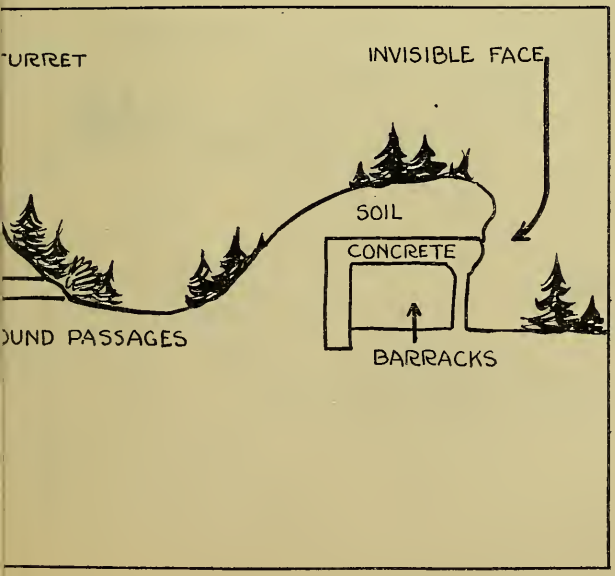


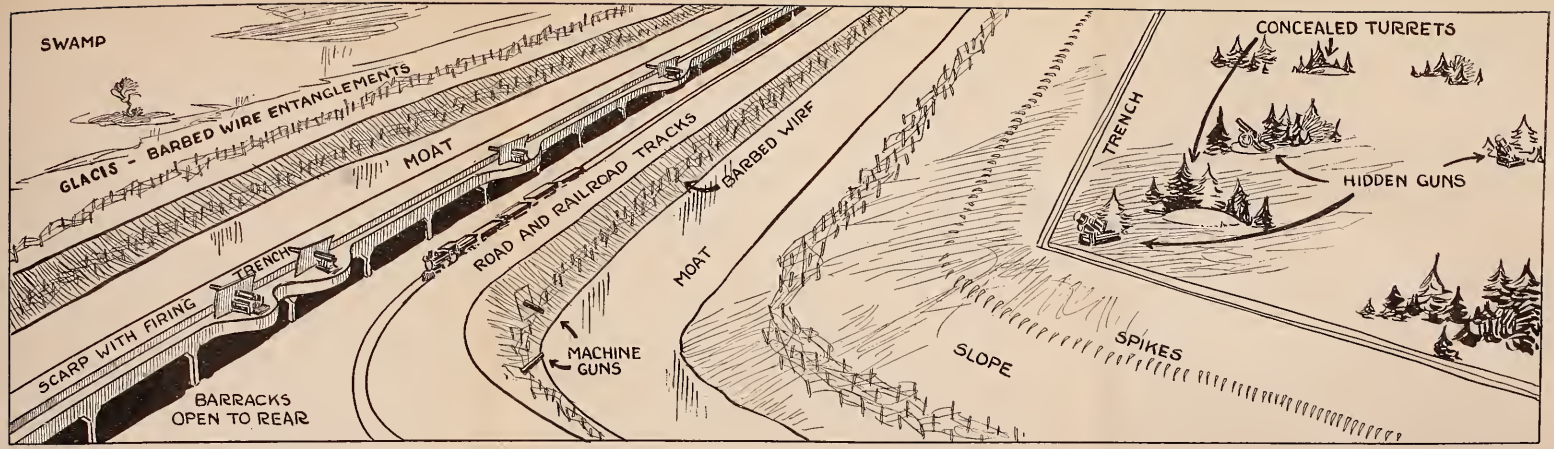
cover captured places.
bank.

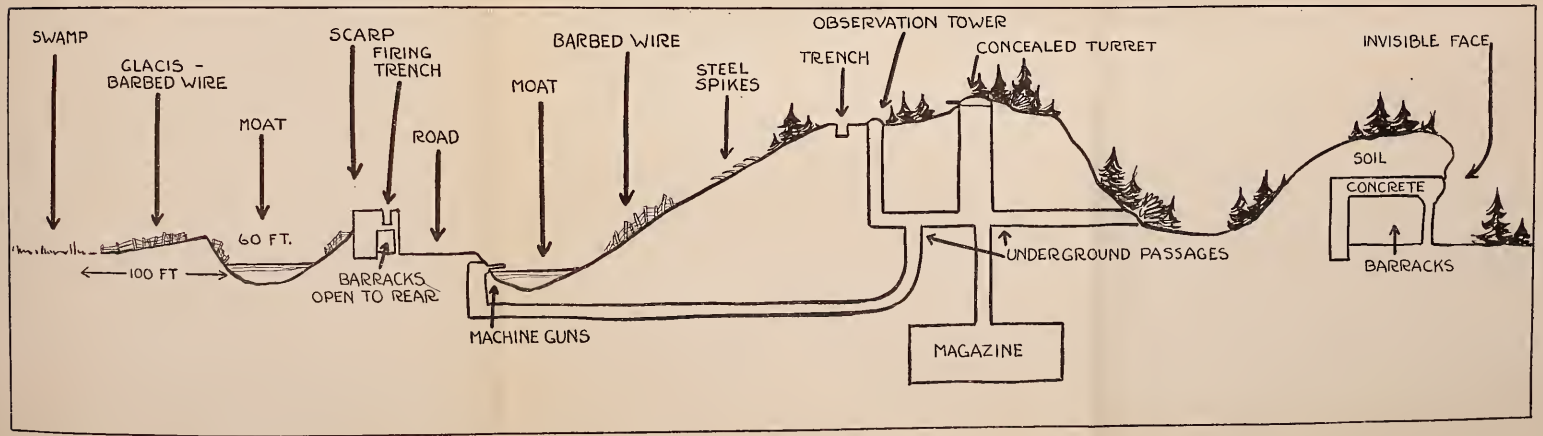


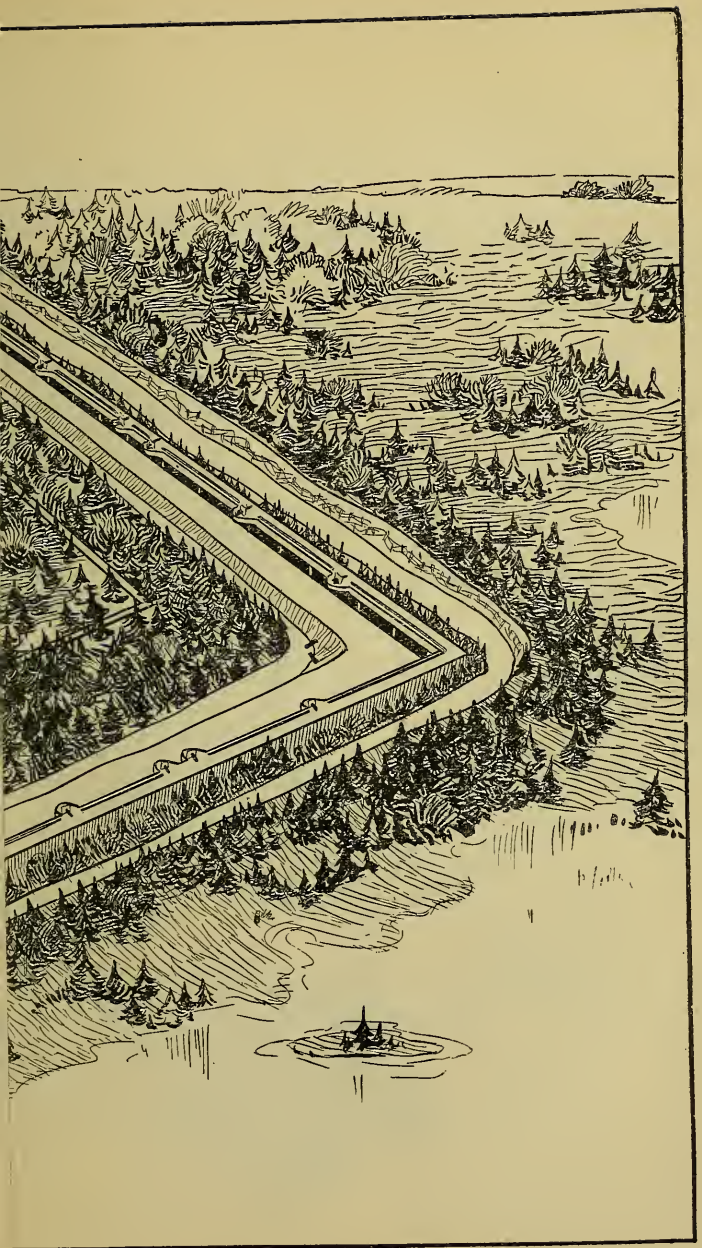
A — Central fort — all wooded hills — about 600 acres.
B — Ring forts varying in shape according to ground (wooded) about 100 acres each.
C — Trenches dug at strategic points outside of main works. There are lots of trenches inside the works to cover captured places.
D — Sunken roads connecting outer forts with main central fort. Protected by wire entanglements and dirt bank.
E — Wire entanglements.

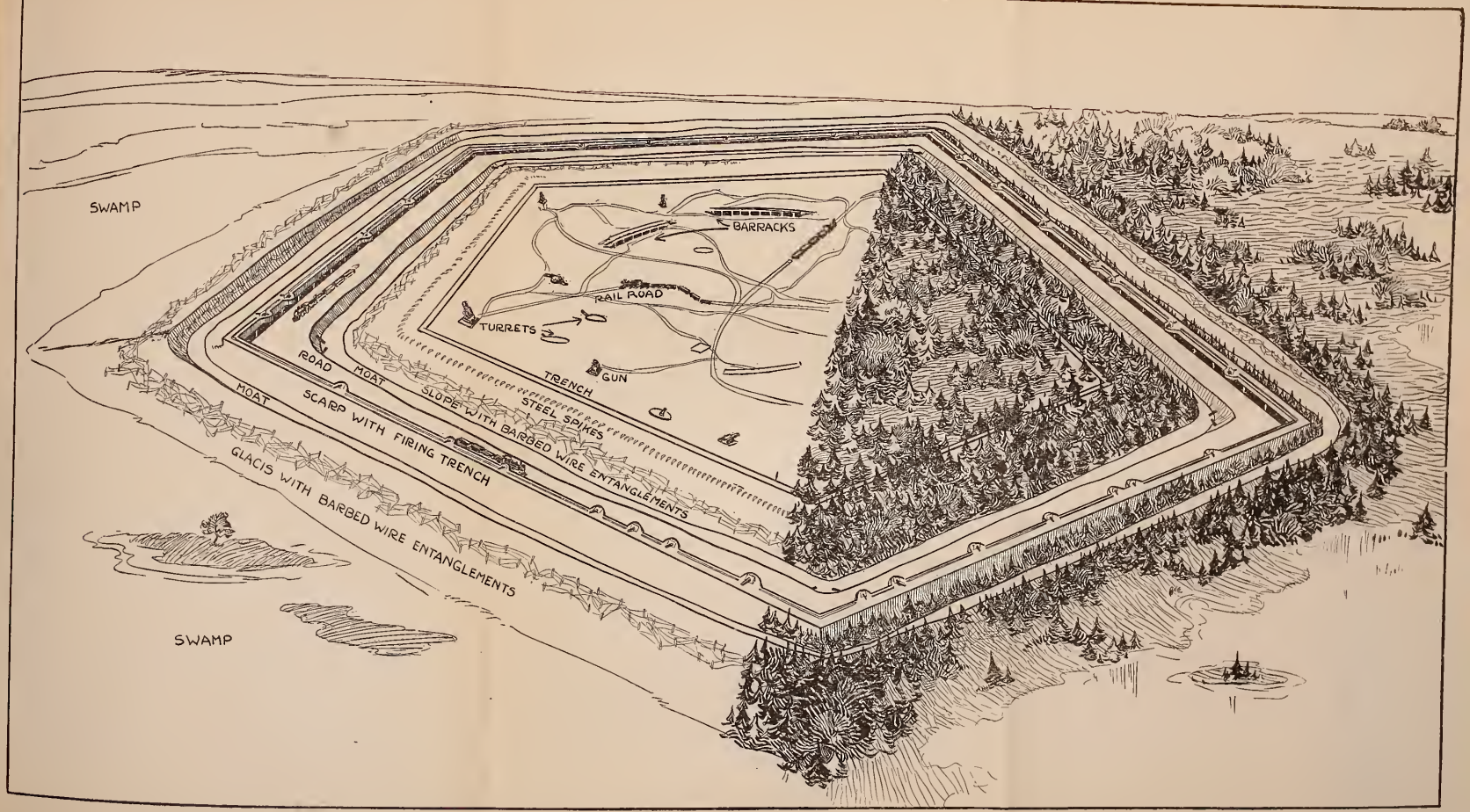

CONCEALED TURRETS
TRENCH
HIDDEN GUNS
SPIKES


TURRET
INVISIBLE FACE
SOIL
CONCRETE
UND PASSAGES
BARRACKS


SWAMP
GLACIS - BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS
MOAT
TRENCH
SCARP WITH FIRING
BARRACKS OPEN TO REAR
ROAD AND RAILROAD TRACKS
BARBED WIRE
MOAT
MACHINE GUNS
SLOPE
SPIKES
CONCEALED TURRETS
TRENCH
HIDDEN GUNS


SWAMP
GLACIS - BARBED WIRE
MOAT
60 FT.
100 FT
SCARP
FIRING TRENCH
ROAD
BARRACKS OPEN TO REAR
MOAT
BARBED WIRE
STEEL SPIKES
MACHINE GUNS
TRENCH
OBSERVATION TOWER
CONCEALED TURRET
UNDERGROUND PASSAGES
MAGAZINE
INVISIBLE FACE
SOIL
CONCRETE
BARRACKS




SWAMP
BARRACKS
RAIL ROAD
TURRETS
GUN
TRENCH
ROAD
MOAT
MOAT
STEEL SPIKES
SLOPE WITH BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS
SCARP WITH FIRING TRENCH
GLACIS WITH BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS
SWAMP

made of reënforced monolithic concrete. These redoubts are made either by burrowing into an existing hill, or in the absence of such a hill, the concrete building is covered over with earth, then grass and shrubs and trees are planted on the sides and tops so as to render it indistinguishable to enemy telescopes and enemy aëroplanes. Only on its inner face and concealed in the trees are the casemates perpendicular, with windows for natural ventilation. During the bombardment these windows are closed with steel doors, much like those used on office vaults, only heavier, which keep out shell splinters and the concussion of exploding shells.

It appears that the casemates of the Belgians were not heavy enough to stop the shells of the German great howitzers. They were built when the six-inch howitzers were the heaviest known.

In the same way the casemates of a better fort — Port Arthur — were penetrated by the Japanese eleven-inch guns.

The modern Russian forts were built with

the lesson of Port Arthur as a model, and I have seen dents where the big German shells struck and failed to penetrate.

When tales of the effect of German bombardment on Belgian forts first reached America, it was popularly supposed that nothing could be built strong enough to withstand them. Sheer nonsense! The penetrative power of any gun and any projectile has its specific limit, and it is no difficult matter to build a defence sufficiently strong to withstand it.

Personally I believe that a six-inch steel plate on top of the brick of Brialmont's forts would have kept out the shells.

When the fort is under bombardment and the windows of the casemates are closed, the air is supplied by a ventilating system.

With the use of asphyxiating gases it becomes apparent that the ventilating system might become more of a danger than a safety. Defence must be found in the storage of compressed air or in oxygen tanks to be used until the asphyxiating gases have blown away, — a simple matter.

When the worst arrives, the bombardment of the forts will be so general and cover the ground so thoroughly that it will be no longer practicable to use the batteries before alluded to, in open emplacement and which depend upon concealment for their security.

Fire then will be opened from the turret guns, which have not yet spoken, and which are not used except in this emergency, because when spotted by the enemy they cannot be moved, and in time must fall victim to a sufficient number of hits.

The modern turret guns are not mounted in the open as Brialmont's. They are concealed as carefully as ingenuity will permit. The dome of the turret, which should be shaped like an overturned dinghy, rises only the diameter of the gun above the imitation hill in which it is sunk.

The hill is planted with bushes and trees and grass. The turret and such parts of the muzzle as protrude are painted the exact color of the verdure at all seasons of the year, and in addition are strewn with fresh-cut twigs and bushes.

The turret top is strong enough to stop at least one shell of the largest calibre known at the time the turret is built.

This turret is hermetically sealed. The men at the gun do nothing but load. The elevation of the gun and the direction are controlled electrically by an officer in an observation station.

When the gun is firing the turret becomes frightfully hot and a constant current of air must be pumped into the loading chamber to keep the gun crew alive.

Observation stations are many.

The actual station controlling the gun is either in a steel chamber located towards the top of a near-by mound, with revolving openings for the use of the sighting officer, and little peepholes to look through. Even these peepholes must give place to the use of a periscope as in battleships.

At one of the forts I visited, a shell of the largest calibre had struck upon one of these steel observation chambers. It had failed to penetrate, but the heat generated was so

great and so instantaneous that the head of the observer was burnt to a cinder.

The actual directing of the gun may be done as on battle ships in a deep chamber far from danger of shell penetration, and instructions for the laying may come by telephone from other observers. These observers may be in tree tops. They may be in the most advanced trenches. Before the fort is entirely surrounded they may be in farmhouses or hayricks miles away. They may be in aëroplanes communicating by wireless. In fact, it is a rare thing that the man who lays the gun ever sees the point he is shooting at.

The fort is built to take advantage of such natural defences as may be found, — ravines, streams, precipices, etc., — but in addition to these certain normal defences must never be omitted.

Immediately outside of the embankment must be a moat. It must be so wide that no beams which men can carry can reach across, and be made as deep as possible.

On the bank on the outside of the moat,

concealed from the enemy, is a most complete assortment of barbed wire and other forms of abatis.

On the inner side for a short distance above the water's edge are planted steel spikes like those used in bear pits.

At the corner of the moat, on the enemy side, machine guns are placed to fire on the enemy when an attempt is made to cross the moat by pontoon bridge or any other means.

These machine guns are protected by heavy concrete roofs which are intended to keep out hostile shell fire and also to stop sapping operations. They are connected with the inner fort by a passage running under the moat which is always so constructed that when the machine-gun emplacements must be abandoned, it will be flooded by water from the moat so as not to furnish a doorway to the fort.

Behind the roadway just inside of the embankment surrounding the fort is a second moat, identical with the first, and inside of

that another embankment commanding the former and in every respect similar.

Where the country is rising, line may be built behind line as far as the skill of engineers and the parsimony of appropriation will permit.

Around the central fort are a series of lesser forts. From the central fort to each of these sub-forts runs a roadway 40 to 80 feet wide, sunk 10 feet below the natural surface of the ground. The excavation is used to build an embankment on each side, like the embankment of the fort itself. Much care is taken to make the road as safe as possible from enemy artillery fire.

The embankment also must be laid in such fashion as to enfilade the ground between each of the roads running from the central fort to the ring forts by rifle, machine-gun and field-gun fire.

The outer ring of forts must be placed with regard to the natural condition of the ground, and if possible should be within 2000 yards of each other. In other words, they leave no spot safe from machine-gun fire.

These forts are built like the central fort with moat, embankment, turrets, hidden gun emplacements, casemates, and should never have less than two lines of defence, because if the first is taken by sudden assault, the garrison of each fort should hold the inner defence while reënforcements are hurried along the protected roads.

It is inevitable that between the forts there must be dead ground, also there will be points particularly adapted to defence. To cover the first and take advantage of the second, special field works will be constructed and connected with the forts and the roadways by trenches which the engineer will try to build in such a fashion that men in either are protected from enemy fire but are open to fire from fortress positions.

If not relieved, forts usually fall eventually to infantry attack. Except in case of cowardice, treachery, or lack of training of the garrison. They never fall to bombardment. Thus everything must be done to hold back the hostile infantry.

Barbed wire, used first, I believe, by the Spanish army in Cuba, is the commonest form of infantry obstruction, although the army's use of stakes and holes and of trees laid top end toward the enemy, are still much in vogue. Pointed steel fences have certain advantages and disadvantages. All forms of entanglement are used.

In the first place a general wall of wire is put around the entire circumference of all the forts. Then each fort has its own wire fence. There is a wire fence on the outside of each moat, and there is wire on the enemy side of the embankments. Every little field work has its special protection. In addition to this, running through the territory between the forts and the roads connecting the forts with the centre, are carefully plaited wire defences so laid as to confuse the attack of the enemy and to herd him into corners where he will be mowed down by machine guns, and with carefully placed openings through which the advancing infantry can manœuvre.

Such in brief is the construction of the modern fort. But the main defence of the fort must be made from 1000 to 2000 yards beyond the front wall of the attack side. Here in natural field works the infantry must stay as long as possible. As long as the infantry can stay here, it is not likely that the hostile artillery observers will locate many of the defensive batteries.

Anybody who wishes to test this may take his field glasses and go into the country and endeavor to see what he can make out of a wooded hill a mile away.

While the defensive artillery is concealed from view, it in turn can bombard the hostile infantry, with perfect knowledge of the range and with great effect. It can also search the likely gun positions, and will score a great number of hits, particularly on the enemy heavy guns.

At Ossowetz, for instance, the Russians struck and destroyed a German 42 centimetre which they had never seen, but which was located in a likely spot known to the defence.

However, in war, numbers must eventually tell. The infantry will finally be driven into the front fort. Enemy observers will plot on maps the location of batteries in this fort: they will also plot its exact dimensions. In due time tremendous fire will be opened on it, — a certain proportion of shells being aimed at the known artillery positions and others sent to search every nook and corner. This fort will be able to make but little reply. Its parapet will be knocked to pieces; its wire entanglements blown to bits. The other forts will reply, and in particular will sweep the faces of its embankments with shrapnel fire. The enemy troops will leap to the assault, and its artillery will play upon the road leading from the central fort to the one attacked. Reënforcements will be rushed into the defended fort. It will be taken and retaken several times, but eventually will fall into the hands of the attackers.

With one fort taken, the second is attacked with greater advantage and the process will be continued.

History shows that eventually most forts surrender. There is a limit to the endurance of most men and it is not often that the millionth man remains in command of a fort until it has been stormed to the last defence.

However, the principle should be established in every soldier that a garrison once isolated and unable to retreat to strengthen its own army in the field, should never abandon the valuable strategic point intrusted to its care, while a single gun remains serviceable or a single point untaken.

I take it as a matter generally admitted that in the event of war, if any military power should obtain command of the sea, it would be impossible to attempt to hold our seacoast States. Our whole object would be to keep the hostile army from the centre of the nation during the years that it would take us to organize a sufficient force to retake the lost provinces and buy arms and ammunition abroad.

It is a military possibility that the use of our regular army, our militia, and the organi-

zation of naturalized Americans who received military training before they left their home country, and such troops as could be made available in a hurry, could stop the enemy on the natural barriers which have been fought over since the white man came to America.

For instance, there should be built, and always kept up to the latest developments, forts at Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Vicksburg, Houston, and the passes of the Sierra Nevadas and the Rocky Mountains.

With such points in our hands, it would be possible to manœuvre our less mobile and less effective troops against an invading enemy.

CHAPTER XIV

Leaving Russia

From the fortress of Ossowetz I went by motorcar to Bielostock and spent the night in an excellent little hotel, having missed the express train for Petrograd.

The next day I took an accommodation train to Petrograd, in company with Colonel Wischniakoff, who will be known to American army officers as the commander of the Russian sharpshooters at the Olympian Games held in Stockholm in 1912. It was largely upon his advice that I visited Moscow, where I called upon the General Governor, Major-General Prince Youssoupoff, who was kind enough to invite me to lunch to meet the officers of a Kazak regiment that was stationed at Moscow to guard the ammunition factories.

Princess Youssoupoff told me the following story: —

She and her husband and son and daughter-in-law were taking the cure at Karlsbad in company with General Broussiloff, when the diplomatic situation became strained. General Broussiloff, who was alone, immediately took the train across the frontier, but the declaration of war caught the Youssoupoff family in Berlin. The same day Berlin police arrested and took to the police station all the menservants with them, and young Youssoupoff was put under arrest and told not to leave his room. His wife, a Grand Duchess of Russia, immediately telephoned to her cousin, the Crown Princess of Prussia, who was greatly pained at what had taken place, and said she would come immediately in her own carriage, to apologize and to free them from any further restraint.

Half an hour later the telephone bell rang; it was the Crown Princess, more agitated than before. She had been to her father-in-law, the Emperor, and he, so far from

indorsing his daughter-in-law's action, had instructed her to notify Prince Youssoupoff and his entire suite, women as well as men, that they were under arrest. This was before the Russian Ambassador left Berlin.

The Youssoupoff family escaped to Denmark by a ruse de guerre, and the Emperor, learning of their departure from Berlin, sent special instructions to the frontier for their arrest, which, however, arrived too late.

During the luncheon I was startled to see a Kazak captain crying freely. He had been explaining that his company had been kept in Moscow guarding the ammunition factories during the whole course of the war, and that, up to the present, there was no promise of his being allowed to proceed to the front. The recital had been too much for his feelings.

In Russia no stigma attaches to the fullest expression of any proper and lofty emotion. It is evidently proper to cry because one is not allowed to die for one's country, but it would never do to betoken irritation at having been thrown from a carriage by an auto-

mobile where such irritation would indicate fear.

After a short stay in Moscow I returned for the last time to the great Headquarters to say good-by.

The Grand Duke was kind enough to invite me to return again at any time. Leaving the Commander-in-Chief, I made my farewells to General Yanouskevitch, told him of the Grand Duke's invitation and asked, partly in jest, if it would be convenient for me to return the same time next year, to which he replied in all seriousness, "Certainly, or, if you prefer it, the year after."

People who are unwilling to accept my opinion that we are only at the beginning of a long war may give greater credit to this authority.

From Petrograd I travelled to Stockholm and Christiania, and saw how the war was affecting these two countries. I also visited the great Arctic explorer Amundsen.

From Norway I went to London, when Lord Kitchener, learning of my trip through

Russia, asked me to call on him. I went and told him what is in this book and but little besides.

From London I went to Paris and from Paris to the Headquarters of General Joffre, and from there I returned direct to America.

Envoi

And here I am home again at my desk, where the first thing I see each morning is yesterday's balance sheet, same as it used to be before, and I have written a book, not phrasing it as a wise man should with a single eye to sales, but with no higher aim than to serve my country, and as I look over the daily balance sheets I know that this is stupid and will not pay.

But I have tasted of the wine of death, and its flavor will be forever in my throat. The great debauch, which periodically affects mankind, will come to us again, as it has come before, and when it comes I know that a million men must fall, while we are striving to learn in the stress of war, with the best

men gone, the lesson that so easily could have been taught in peace.

If my book serves to minimize the crime of unpreparedness, what matter a few kopecks more or less?

APPENDIX A

History of the Acts Leading up to the Great War

The early history of this controversy was obtained, for the most part, from standard works; the recent developments from active participants.

The cause of this war is found in the movements of the different races of Europe toward the formation of governments coextensive with their separate identities. This movement impinging against the existing order of things is in this century what the movement of liberalism against the existing order of things was in the last century, what the hatred of monarch against monarch was in the eighteenth century, what the movement for religious change was in the century before, and the movement against feudalism was the century before that — each one the great motive force of its age.

Each of these conflicts involved in substantial degree all the nations of Europe, each ended in certain changes in boundaries, of religious and political predominance and of the reëstablishment of peace by the regroupment of powers in such fashion as to prevent any one monarch, religion, or political school from dominating the whole. This groupment was called the Balance of Power. Such a balance was established in 1815 upon the ashes of the conflict lit by the French Revolution.

Surviving the last assault of liberalism in arms in 1848, overcoming Russian attack on Turkey in 1854, and the Italian wars for independence, it was thrown off its balance by the formation of Bismarck's Empire in 1870. It had inertia enough to deprive Russia of the fruits of her victory over the Turks in 1877, and to remand several millions of Christian population to Turkish misrule and to sow the seeds of the present struggle by turning over the Orthodox Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina "to be adminis-

tered by Catholic Austria in the interest of the peace of Europe."

Let us take up a history of this event.

The Christian peoples of the Balkans, including Greece, were never entirely subjugated by the Turks. They were always agitating for war and breaking into rebellions.

As a matter of fact, the Turkish rule of aliens was on the whole less oppressive than the alien rule of the races of Western Europe, but it was oppressive none the less, and when resented took the same measures to enforce its dominance that other conquerors have taken, and are taking to-day. In other words, it massacred the subject populations.

These massacres were resented mildly by all the peoples of Christian religion, but they were resented fiercely by the peoples related in blood as well as in sect with the massacred; namely, the Orthodox Russians.

Russia tried hard to persuade the other Christian nations of Europe to join her in freeing the Christians of the Balkans from the Turks and to put an end to the Bulgarian

atrocities. Failing to obtain any coöperation, the Czar notified them that he would act alone, and accordingly fought the Turkish war of 1877. This bloody and hard-fought contest ended in complete victory for the Russians, who marched to the very gates of Constantinople and there dictated a peace providing for the complete independence of Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania, and made certain cessions of territory to the two former states. The main feature of the treaty concerned Bulgaria, which was made a self-governing state, tributary to the Sultan, including nearly all of European Turkey, between Roumania and Servia to the north, and Greece to the south. Only a strip of the peninsula, from Constantinople west to the Adriatic, was to be left to Turkey.

This peace, which freed the Christian population from the Turks after four centuries of oppression, frightened the other Great Powers, namely, Great Britain, Germany, and Austria, who feared that Russia would gain thereby at their expense.

Accordingly, a Congress of the Powers was called to meet at Berlin under the presidency of Bismarck.

Partly through the strength of the German army, partly through his own overbearing personality, partly by his superior mental ability, Bismarck entirely dominated the Congress, which decided that Russia should receive from Roumania the province of Bessarabia, Roumania should receive compensation from Turkey to the south, that the principality of Bulgaria should be made autonomous, but under the sovereignty of the Sultan; Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro to be entirely free. Thessaly and Epirus were afterwards ceded by Turkey to Greece under pressure. The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which Russia had also freed from Turkey, were given to Austria, as before mentioned.

This was Bismarck's great leap into the future and the parent of the present war.

Austria had been hostile to France since 1859, and Prussia had humiliated her in 1866

and had compelled her to cede territory to Italy. By giving Austria a partial foothold in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bismarck compensated Austria for the Italian provinces, which he had taken from her in 1866, and made her a permanent enemy of Russia, and thus entirely dependent upon himself, as Austria alone could never hope to retain Bosnia and Herzegovina from Russia.

Of the various Balkan peoples, the Roumanians consider themselves Italians, and are chiefly Catholic. Bulgarians and Servians are Slav and chiefly Orthodox. Greeks are Greeks, and Orthodox.

All these countries, excepting Servia, which had not one but two royal families, selected princes with more or less "assistance." Roumania chose a Catholic Hohenzollern of the same family as the Emperor of Germany. Bulgaria selected a German Catholic of the family of Saxe-Coburg, who, as part of the arrangement, agreed to have his son brought up in the Orthodox church, for which he was excommunicated by the Pope.[1] The Greeks

[1] The ban has been withdrawn since the outbreak of war.

selected a German prince, but afterwards expelled him and took a Protestant Dane, whose son — the present king — was married to a sister of the Kaiser.

Thus came into existence four independent little states with national ambitions and with ruling houses of alien race, dependent more or less upon their relatives who ruled in the big nations of Europe.

Of all these countries Servia, who in ancient times was by far the most powerful of them, was the only one that did not have direct access to the sea.

Her only products, pigs and sheep, had no market in Greece, Bulgaria, or Roumania, which countries raised a quantity of these for themselves. There was a market in Austria and also oversea, but Austria, controlling the railroad to the sea, imposed prohibitive freight rates in order to buy from Servia at her own price.

She looked upon the Servians as a savage and inferior people. She exploited the Servians in Servia and oppressed the Servian

Slavs in Austria-Hungary, as she had done in times past to the Italians.

After the treaty of Berlin in 1878, the Great Powers ceased to interest themselves actively in Balkan affairs, "the Near East problem," as English statesmen called it.

Russia embarked upon her Asiatic adventures, Germany devoted herself to industry, Great Britain took up a series of internal reforms. Austria busied herself relieving many of her internal strains, in an effort to recreate the strong Empire which was stretched to its utmost by Solferino and Sadowa. France stormed and threatened, gesticulated and ejaculated, appeared to be on the verge of anarchy, but nevertheless made enormous strides in industry and military reorganization. She introduced universal military service, which among other effects has enormously increased the physical strength of the people. She never forgot Sedan, and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine rankled night and day.

Surprised and alarmed at France's recovery

from the catastrophe of 1870, Germany seriously considered, in 1875, making war to destroy her. Germany was deterred by world public opinion.

The fact that her failure to use her power without mercy at that time gave her enemy the opportunity to recuperate and thwart her ever afterward, accounts for the predominance to-day of the school that puts all considerations of humanity and existing laws of war and peace beneath the national welfare.

The year 1883 recorded another of Bismarck's diplomatic triumphs. Crispi — a low-class politician — came into power in Italy and was persuaded by Bismarck to bring Italy into a triple alliance with Germany and her old oppressor, Austria.

In 1897 a Greek attack on Turkey was badly beaten and only England's intervention saved Greece from destruction.

The years of peace following 1878 built up the resources and animosities of this war.

Immediately after the foundation of the German Empire the freedom of intercourse

between its component parts, and wise social legislation, caused unprecedented prosperity. Emigration ceased. Soon a momentum of business demanded foreign markets, and Germany began to push out for world's trade at a time when English business men and English workmen were slacking up.

England controlled so much overseas territory, so many of the naval strategic and commercial centres, and so much of the seas' commerce as well as military control of the sea, that she neither felt nor feared any competitor.

On the other hand, Germany — newly constituted a nation, as a military power the strongest in the world — found herself battling for world's trade against heavy odds, became conscious of the uneven distribution of the earth's wealth, and determined to get her share of this as a nation, just as the unfavored elements of some nations, aware of the uneven distribution of the wealth in the nation, have become determined as a class to get their share.

She turned hungry eyes upon South America, Africa, and Asia, the continents which other European nations had taken as easy prey for their need to expand.

Africa could be reached to the south only by using France as a vassal state. Asia could be reached through the ally Austria, the Balkan States and Turkey, only at the expense of Russia. China could be reached by sea. Japan was opposed to Germany's expansion in that direction. South America could be reached by sea. The Monroe Doctrine interfered. Germany wanted what she considered her share of all these, and she wanted it in the Prussian imperial way.

Why was she to be bound by treaties and rights established before her birth and without her sanction?

Her mistake was that she moved in all these directions and excited all the nations who had contrary interests or principles.

Germany embarked on superman military preparations, including strategic railroads to concentrate against France, Russia,

and Belgium. Germany also engaged in the building of a navy that might challenge England on the sea.

Her situation was aggravated when the Spanish-American war, to the surprise of everybody, including America, plumped the Philippine Islands, territory which Germany might easily have purchased from Spain, into the lap of the United States.

All nations had been willing for a century to trade abroad under sufferance of England and to arm only against each other. This imperial Germany was not content to do. Supreme on land, she wished to be supreme as well at sea. "I am admiral of the Atlantic," wrote the Kaiser to the Czar.

Now, England depends upon her supremacy at sea not only for her riches, for her empire, but for her very existence. Let another rule the waves, and Britannia may starve.

Not long after the excitement caused by Admiral Diederich in Manila Bay, German marines were landed in Venezuela, at that time the most turbulent and viciously mis-

governed state in South America. The marines were withdrawn only after a most vigorous representation by the American government, which then had — or thought it had — a fleet equal to Germany's, and what was more effective, the whole-hearted sympathy of Great Britain.

At about the same time, German diplomacy took advantage of the assassination of the German ambassador at Pekin to follow the example of other European nations and take forcible possession of a portion of the Chinese Empire, adding to the offence given to the Japanese by her participation with Russia and France in the note demanding Japan give up Korea and the Liao-tung Peninsula occupied in the Japanese-Chinese war of 1894.

Shortly after the Russian-Japanese war and the attempted revolution in Russia, occurred the revolution in Turkey, whereby the Young Turks, for the most part educated in Germany, overthrew the Sultan — and assumed charge of the government.

Advantage was taken of this discord by Ferdinand of Bulgaria to declare himself the king of the Turkish Empire, and by Austria to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria was seconded in this by the full force of the German Empire.

Russia was at that time powerless to object, and England and France could do nothing more than protest and refuse to sanction it.

The next diplomatic strain came between Germany and France, this time over the Agadir incident in Morocco. Now Great Britain came vigorously to the assistance of her new ally, and Germany yielded.

During all the years between 1878 and 1908 the various Balkan States were as jealous of each other as they were hostile to the Turks; they could never combine against a common foe.

The Austrian aggression into Bosnia and Herzegovina had bitterly offended Servia, the Balkan state with the least to fear from Turkey and likewise the least to gain from Turkey by war.

There came into power in the Balkan States at this time three very exceptional men, — Mr. Pasitch, Prime Minister of Servia; Mr. Gueschoff, President of the Council of Ministers of Bulgaria; and Mr. Venezalos, the predominant figure, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Premier of Greece.

These men agreed jointly to make war upon Turkey. In the event of victory the principal spoils were to be — for Servia a seaport through Albania, the port of Durazzo upon the Adriatic Sea; for Greece, the Turkish islands in the Mediterranean; for Bulgaria, the larger part of Macedonia up to the walls of Constantinople.

It was agreed between the Balkan States that in the event of disagreement upon the exact division of the Turkish spoil, the Czar of Russia would act as arbitrator between them.

The European powers, excepting Russia, were opposed to the revolt against the Mohammedans. However, they could not agree among themselves how to make Tur-

key reform or how to keep the Christian nations from war.

When it came to making peace, Austria positively refused that Servia should have a port on the Adriatic Sea.

From what we now know of the relative fighting efficiency of the Balkan and Austrian troops it appears that the Balkan alliance could have held the territory against Austria.

But this idea does not seem to have occurred to it.

Servia yielded her heart's desire, not without protest, but without effort to hold it. Instead she demanded as a recompense that part of Bulgaria's share of the spoils which her troops occupied.

The Turkish war had given Bulgaria enormous prestige as well as a substantial increase in territory. There was talk the world over of Bulgaria forming an empire of the Balkans with the king of Bulgaria as Emperor just as forty years before the Empire had been formed under the king of Prussia. Bulgaria was in a dominating position and the other

Balkan States were jealous. Roumania, which had not undergone the hazards and hardships of war, demanded not even Turkish territory but Bulgarian in order to preserve the Balkan balance of power!

As the situation became more and more strained, the Czar of Russia telegraphed to the contending sovereigns, offering to act as mediator between them. The king of Servia promptly cabled a complete acceptance, while King Ferdinand of Bulgaria returned an evasive answer.

Gueschoff, a much travelled and highly educated man, saw that Bulgaria was overmatched, and urged that Russia, the liberator and life-long friend of all the Balkan States, arbitrate between them.

His advice was contrary to the spirit of the hour, so after vainly counselling prudence he was forced to resign.

His successor in office, Dr. Daneff, when sobered by the responsibility of government, reached the same conclusion and was preparing to start for St. Petersburg when the war party began hostilities.

The Bulgarian army had overwhelmed the Servians in 1885, it had just decisively beaten the Turks, who had easily defeated the Greeks in 1897. It was confident of its superiority over the combined Servian and Greek armies.

A plan was in existence to take Belgrade within five days of the outbreak of war and to surprise Salonika. As no railroad ran from Salonika south, the taking of Athens would be a slower matter.

In order to force war General Vasoff, without the knowledge of the government, caused troops to attack both Servians and Greeks.

The Daneff government, which had brought about the resignation of Gueschoff because of his unwillingness to fight the other Balkan States, refused to back up the general.

It ordered the army to cease operations and called upon Russia to interfere.

While the Bulgarian army was paralyzed the Greeks and Servians took the offensive. The Turks seized arms again, and Roumania mobilized.

Prince Constantine of Greece, who had been accused of cowardice in the Turkish war of 1897, and who had subsequently studied in Germany, developed real military ability. Finding himself in superior numbers at Kilkish, he harangued his troops, turned the Bulgarian right flank, and as the enemy began to withdraw attacked the centre with the bayonet. His victory was overwhelming and he evinced great power in following it up, never giving the Bulgarians time to reorganize. Servia entered from the west, Roumania from the north, and Turkey retook Adrianople.

Bulgaria was prostrate.

At the suggestion of Sir Edward Grey, British foreign minister, a Peace Conference was held in London and a truce patched up, which satisfied no one but Austria.

The hostility of the Servians towards the Austrians, which was started in 1878, when Austria occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina, became violent when she annexed these provinces in 1908, and boundless when she

blocked the road to the Adriatic which Servia had cut for herself through Albania.

The Servian attitude towards Austria, both official and unofficial, became exactly what that of Piedmont had been before the liberation of Italy. There were nationalistic societies, some of them public and some of them secret, winked at by the government.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand was the embodiment of the Austrian aggression and the chief object of hatred of the Slavs. Opportunity was taken of his visit to Sarajevo in May, 1914, to assassinate him.

What steps followed in Austria and Germany have not been made known and probably never will be made known.

To what extent monarchial horror of the assassination of an hereditary ruler governed, and to what extent the feeling that vigorous steps must be taken to prevent Servia from dismembering Austria, as Piedmont leniently treated in the past had done, controlled; to what extent the crime was looked upon as an opportunity for a Germanic advance in

the East in the manner that Bismarck had found excuses for war, will probably remain disputed points.

His death was brought about by a Servian cause. Its time and manner were most opportune for the German advance.

In the first place, it was unquestionably an overt, aggressive act on the part of the pan-Servians.

In the second place, it was an assault on monarchy.

In the third place, it came before France and Russia had completed their contemplated army reorganizations.

In the fourth place, it found Russia in the midst of industrial disorder, France in political anarchy, England on the verge of civil war.

In the fifth place, Germany, winning a quarrel in which Austria alone was helpless, could expect to give Austria a place in the Empire analogous to Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg.

Turkey was almost a dependency. Bul-

garia had been conciliated with a needed loan — had a German king, Greece a German queen. Let Servia be conquered and the overland route to the East was open!

There will be no doubt in the minds of unprejudiced people that the ultimatum to Servia was one that could not possibly be accepted in its entirety, and was phrased with a deliberate purpose of finding an excuse for war.

It came at a time when Russia was greatly disturbed by labor troubles, and apparently helpless.

However, it enraged the Russian people and brought about such expressions of public opinion as the Empire had never before witnessed. If the Russian government had been unwilling to make war, it might have faced a war with its own people.

The Dual Alliance between France and Russia had been taken as a counter-measure to the Austro-German Dual Alliance of 1879. It was military in form and also economic, in that a large amount of free French capital

was sent to develop Russia's enormous latent resources.

In fact, it was an alliance more binding on France than upon Russia, because in the event of war with Germany or Austria, Russia could exist without France, but France, in the face of these enemies, could not exist without Russia.

When Germany made plain her intention to back up the Austrian assault, France saw painfully that she would have to fight.

At the time that King Edward VII came to the throne at mature age, English parliamentarians had been too long in control of the government of the country to allow any interference on the part of the king. They recognized, however, with the continuing astuteness in foreign affairs which has marked almost all English governments, that in foreign affairs royalty is an influence in itself.

In addition to his royalty, King Edward had tact and charm and worldly wisdom far beyond the ordinary.

He charmed the French people with his

"gracious manner." He dealt with the Czar of Russia as one sovereign with another.

Bismarck and the Kaiser had put German princes or princesses on nearly every throne in Europe.

As the price of England's support of their revolution the Norwegians gave up their preference for a republic and put a very clever young man, King Edward's son-in-law, upon the throne, naming him Haakon VII.

King Edward, or those under him, had the original idea of forming an alliance with Japan.

He humored the passion of rich Americans for presentation at Court as an offset to the propaganda of the Irish Nationalists in America.

He realized the full strength of the German army, realized that it threatened the supremacy of the country of which he was king, and he negotiated the Triple Entente.

The war broke over Europe far too suddenly for Englishmen, absorbed, above other things,

with the Irish question, to learn what was going on.

The party in power contained all the doctrinaires in the country. It was hard for them to recognize war as a fact; indeed, some of them do not recognize it now.

There was a small party in England desiring war with Germany years before the Sarajevo murder.

There developed a much larger element which favored war for the reason that France and Russia were at war.

No one can tell whether this element would have been in control if Germany had not thought it a military necessity to invade Belgium.

Now Belgium was not only a military gateway to France. It was a state artificially constructed by the Powers in Europe, its integrity had been guaranteed by them, and it had been constructed at the behest of English statesmen as a guarantee that no Great Power should occupy the Channel ports across from England. To England the German in-

vasion of Belgium was not only a violation of a treaty but a direct military threat at her own independence.

War followed as a matter of national necessity.

APPENDIX B

Lessons for America from Great Britain's Shortcomings in This War

The situation in which Great Britain finds itself in this great war is so similar to that in which war would place America that a study of it is of special interest.

To be sure the difficulties under which Great Britain is laboring are not as great as ours would be, and she has the use and protection of her extraordinary navy, which we, in like circumstances, would not have. However, the points of similarity are many and striking.

War came upon England under a liberal government. This government had been in power seven years. It stood for all that is best in our Progressive and in the liberal side of our Democratic parties.

It passed a home rule bill for Ireland. It had brought to the front religious equality in Wales. It passed a series of measures for the subdividing of land-ownerships. It stood at the very front in its enactments for the benefit of workingmen. It found means for increasing revenue by taxing those best able to pay. It was, to be sure, not free from the leaven of those who believed impracticableness and progress to be the same thing, but it was able to retain the support of this element without seriously yielding to its demands. To its permanent credit, it maintained the supremacy of the national fleet. It thought necessary, however, to neglect the army in many essential details in order to provide funds for its altruistic purposes.

Parsimony was especially shown toward the artillery arm, in the battery organization adopted, and in the guns themselves. The field-pieces in use were greatly inferior to the French 75's, which could have been obtained by paying the cost of reëquipment; the field howitzers were inexact in shooting; but more

damning to the makers of the budget was a lack of high-power field glasses, range finders, field telephones, etc.

Parsimony, backed by aristocracy, was responsible for such small pay to officers that only men with some independent means could afford to be officers, and hence from these was required less technical skill than is demanded of officers in the continental countries.

The British army recognized its own weakness, and for years had preached reorganization upon the Prussian system.

War found the English regular army at home only 150,000 strong. It found territorial troops, semi-recruited and semi-organized regiments, which, however, could not be called into foreign war without their consent.

However, lest the casual reader pass too harsh judgment upon the parliamentary politicians who sent to their death soldiers less trained and equipped than their enemy, let us give them credit for greater patriotism and foresight than the American Congress has ever shown.

The English army was not divided into a number of small army posts, in order to furnish "pie" to as many congressmen as possible, but was kept in units, so battle tactics could be learned.

With all Europe organized in comprehensive fashion, the reason for Great Britain's backwardness is to be found in the hereditary opposition to a standing army, which, incidentally, we inherited along with other English customs; in a false sense of security behind the barrier of the Channel and in a sense of racial superiority and self-content, and, more influential than the rest, in recent years, a group which found mental and sensuous pleasure, as well as financial and political profit, in preaching a propaganda of national atavism.

Shortly before the war broke out came the army crisis over home rule. Sir Edward Carson organized a military force to resist it. When the government began military steps to enforce it, the army balked; Field Marshal Sir John French resigned the position of chief

of staff; other officers resigned their commissions.

The secretary of war tried to find a middle ground between the home rule people and the army, failed, and resigned his portfolio.

The radical party, which saw no farther than the seashore, demanded the instant dismissal of the army and the "immediate" organization of a "democratic force" to coerce Ulster.

The Prime Minister is the keystone of the arch of the British parliamentary system. Upon him devolves the responsibility of preventing the structure from tumbling to the ground.

It must be said of Mr. Herbert Asquith that under these terrible times he has held together the most antagonistic elements ever present in a government. Following the attitude which has allowed England to exist as a democracy for centuries in a continent of autocracies, he put nation before party and retained the army, his personal and political enemies.

In addition to his other cares he took on the ministry of war. A more partisan course would have destroyed his country.

Then the crash came. Nothing was farther from the minds of Britishers than war. Why the country was at all prepared demands a word of explanation to Americans.

The members of the English Cabinet, even more than the American, are selected for their political strength rather than special fitness. But the members once selected, the portfolios are divided with the idea of giving to each member the work for which he is best fitted, instead of giving the offices in order of their dignity to the Cabinet members in the order of their political importance, as with us.

Not the most important politician but the politician most informed on foreign affairs is made minister of foreign affairs. That member of the Cabinet most capable of assisting the navy is made secretary of the navy.

Thus, while Sir Edward Grey is a less gifted man than Mr. Bryan, he is a more effi-

cient minister of foreign affairs; and while Mr. Churchill — if tried by a hundred tests — might show less all-round ability than Mr. Daniels, he, in contrast to the latter, added to instead of detracted from the work of the naval experts under him.

Also, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill put the duties of their offices above politics.

When all British eyes were on the crisis in Ireland, Sir Edward Grey, a politician, was watching the hand-sized cloud over Belgrade.

Churchill, still more a politician, but a patriot, held the great fleet mobilized, ready for the rupture, and concealed his readiness under cover of the domestic excitement. He even had the courage and patriotism to order, without sanction of Parliament, the supplies that would be necessary for the beginning of war.

It is not necessary to point out that in neither our foreign or naval branches were we so manned as to take the steps which, taken by the British radical ministers, saved their nation.

The first military preparations were splendid. Lord Kitchener, the most widely known British general, was made secretary of war. Sir John French, considered the greatest British tactician, was given command of the active force, although he was a well-known opponent of the government.

The army's preparedness was such that an army of 150,000 men was landed in France with more equipment per man and with less effort than Funston's brigade had been transported to Vera Cruz three months before.

I dwell upon this fact now so that when the reader sees later how hopelessly inferior to Germany, Russia, France, and Austria England's land power turned out to be he may realize in some measure the desperate condition of our own unpreparedness.

Landed, the British army advanced to Belgium, was caught in the collapse of the French offensive, fought splendidly in retreat, using effectively its only superiority over the Germans, — rifle shooting, — turned at the

Marne, and fought its way back to Ypres, where all that is left of it now is.

How was it that even in face of a hostile government this army from the outset of war has been able to do what no English or American army has ever before been able to do at the outset of war?

The answer is twofold. First, the army had been kept in large units and manœuvred in large units. Second, the initiative of the officers had not been dulled by the persecution that exists in our army and which seems unavoidable when civilians who have never lived under military discipline are given military power over others. I refer not so much to presidents and secretaries of war and navy, although none of these are guiltless, as to chairmen of Senate and House military and naval committees and to the membership of both houses.

Returning to the British army. It has not been able to advance a foot since the battle of Ypres was ended by the Russian

diversion against Cracow in October. Advance has been impossible.

To appreciate why it has been impossible, it is necessary to summarize modern English history.

After obtaining supremacy at sea she proceeded to conquer all the territory of the world that was unable to protect itself. Contemporaneously came the development of steam and steel and there was found in the islands the greatest deposits of coal and iron in Europe.

This brought about two conditions — an enormous increase in the national wealth and the transformation of the nation from an agricultural to a manufacturing country.

Land was held in England, as elsewhere in Europe, in a few large ownerships.

France, Prussia, and Russia at various times had divided the land among the inhabitants. This was too unconstitutional for England. She therefore repealed the corn laws, giving the people cheap food, rendering the cultivation of English land unprofitable,

and rendering the nation dependent for food upon importation, and hence upon a continued control of the sea.

It had also rendered her dependent to a marked degree upon America for her food supply. The great fleet which she has maintained in consequence has made the English feel that a modern army was unnecessary. The great fleet also interested in preserving the American wheat production for the English market has interfered more than once between the military European nations and the United States, affording us a temporary and hazardous security.

Wealth has poured in upon England. The accident of ownership as well as the laws of taxation and inheritance have tended to great inequality in its distribution. Hence, political activity for half a century has centred around the distribution of existing national wealth, not its increase. It has been more like America during the last ten years than America during the preceding decade.

Workmen have listened to the preaching

of a world-wide union against employers, not realizing that, in the Empire adjoining, employers and workmen were coöperating to seize the advantageous trade position of England, and employers and employed alike take from the English the advantage that nature and the forefathers had given them.

It was upon a people thus preoccupied that the war burst in August, 1914.

The government did all that a democratic government could do. It put its best-known general in charge of the war and gave him a free hand.

Lord Kitchener had conquered the Mahdi of Egypt and had done capable work in the conquest of South Africa. After Earl Roberts, he was the chief military figure of a nation given to worshipping the men who bring distinction to it.

He was hailed as possessing all the ability that Wellington had possessed and even as much as Englishmen had been taught to believe Wellington had possessed.

That Kitchener is a far-sighted man and

a strong man was shown by his insistence upon an army of a million men and adequate training before taking the field, something England was unprepared to consider.

He came to power with all an English or American officer's unfamiliarity with his nation.

He, like these, denied all opportunity to work out a scheme of war adapted to the habits and interests of his people, had swallowed whole the best ready-made plan — the Prussian.

Thus, when in the first panic of war England practically turned the government of the country over to Kitchener and asked him to perform a miracle, one of his first acts was to attempt to direct the press, in emulation of the Prussian principle.

In Prussia the press is a weak estate held in contempt and the governing hand is strong and able.

The English press is the chief element of national strength.

The English publicists, who have substan-

tially dominated world public opinion for a century in the interest of the British Empire, were put under the governance of men who knew nothing of journalism and were considered too weak to work at their own profession — war.

Of course the English nation lacked any comprehensive military system, lacked military knowledge and knowledge of military needs. Her immediate need was education, which, with a little intelligent help, the British press was eager to give.

Such education, the bungling censors, puffed up by sudden authority, venting at last pent-up resentment against government and press, refused to allow.

But before detailing this let us examine England's facilities for making an army and what she has accomplished.

Although the country had refused to follow the army's far-seeing advice and introduce universal service, it had been far from ignoring all warning.

A system of "territorials" had been intro-

duced, composed of 18,000 cavalry and over 200,000 infantry, which met in annual manœuvres with the regulars every year.

As graduates of the Boer war were a number of semi-trained troops and semi-educated officers.

The rudiments of military education had been taught in the colleges and public schools in recent years.

This gave England a start which we, for instance, cannot equal. The disadvantage was that the amateur soldiers did not appreciate the short distance they had travelled on the road of soldiering.

The territorials volunteered very well and many battalions of them have been already sent to the front, where they have behaved gallantly but not successfully.

It was, perhaps, the salvation of the country that a radical government was in power when the war came.

Extreme members of the Cabinet resigned; some were unwilling to attack their former colleagues; others who did were largely dis-

credited as they would not have been if they had attacked the conservatives.

The Opposition became the leaders in support of the government's war policy.

Old soldiers, sacrificing all personal interests, turned out to a man.

The veterans of the African campaign returned to the army. The leisure class was delighted to find occupation, especially occupation in support of their country.

Volunteers flocked to the colors, and they did so without any idea that they were going to a picnic.

They went to work to learn to become soldiers. They realized from the casualty list of the regulars that this war was no African campaign. Enlistments were made, not for sixty days or six months, but for the whole war.

But to raise a volunteer army of 1,000,000 men and not disturb business — the first idea in England — is impossible. A number of expedients were tried. Posters were put up all over England calling for volunteers,

while the Press Bureau was busy sending out stories — false ones — giving the impression that volunteers were not needed.

Kitchener had said that the new army would be ready in May. In August, 1914, and again in October the Russian army sacrificed itself to reduce the pressure on the French-English-Belgian front. Now in August the Austrians and Germans are massing against the Russians, but Kitchener's army is not ready.

In March, Sir John French attempted an advance, but was unsuccessful. In May the Germans attacked with gas and almost broke through to Calais. Only the extraordinary courage of the Canadians prevented them.

To all soldiers the fact had become plain that as a military factor Great Britain was negligible.

The military in control of the press forbade telling the people the truth that the Germans knew well enough. Without educating the people it was impossible to make such a military organization as could count in this war. England was struck on a dead centre.

At this time Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of *The Times*, *The Daily Mail*, and other papers, undertook a patriotic rôle.

"Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise to warn a King of his enemies?"

The people have been king of England for long and have become so accustomed to flattery as to resent unpleasant truths.

Northcliffe began to print a part of the truth about the situation. He began to criticise the men who were popularly supposed to be doing the impossible. People who were "too patriotic" to face facts, or who were afraid to do so, publicly burned *The Times*.

The bigoted Press Bureau promptly prosecuted Northcliffe upon a trumped-up charge, and an English judge, following up the custom which makes an Englishman the only man in the world safe from both official malice and popular outcry, dismissed the case.

Northcliffe continued his campaign, and not without animus.

The expedition to take the Dardanelles failed. The *Lusitania* was torpedoed.

Winston Churchill had ridden roughly in his career, and became the first sacrifice to the situation.

His administration of the Admiralty since the outbreak of the war must be judged after the lapse of time. No one outside of the department knows to-day whether it was good or bad.

But, as a man largely responsible for the maintenance of the power of the British navy in the face of the opposition of many of those upon whom he depended for political life, he should have more charity than the British public gives him.

He has acted the part of patriot that Secretary Garrison is acting with us.

The dismissal of Winston Churchill, while it has soothed some irritated nerves and may, or may not, have improved the efficiency of the Navy Department, could not, and did not, change the military situation, which was that Great Britain, by far the richest and greatest manufacturing country in the war, was turning out less than one-tenth of the

munitions turned out by any of the other contestants, and was unable decently to supply her army in the field, so far from providing for the new, great army in training.

The fault is partly due, no doubt, to the military authorities, who had had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with affairs on a large scale, and who, in the first glow of new-found authority, were unwilling to associate with themselves competent business men.

It was due in a greater part to the workmen, who insisted on limiting the output per man, as they had become accustomed to do during the many years of easy peace England's advantageous position had brought them. They were never told how serious was the situation of the nation; on the contrary, they were entirely deceived at the beginning of the war, and have been given only a small part of the truth to date.

The government is now fully awake to the seriousness of the situation. The War Department officials have learned that they cannot do all the work themselves.

The plan is forming to make Great Britain a nation at war in the same sense that Germany, Austria, France, and Russia are at war; but with no governmental machinery to do this with and with a public mind unaccustomed to such discipline, the task is herculean.

Leading politicians have sounded warning in the most rousing speeches and in the same issue of the paper that these warnings have been produced the military Press Bureau and headline writers have discounted the speeches by representing some minor skirmish as a substantial victory and by announcing a substantial defeat as a strategic retirement.

The most forceful radical politician in Great Britain, Lloyd George, has taken upon himself the leadership in bringing the union workingmen under martial law.

Patriotically he put all the popularity he had acquired in leading the laborers against their employers and all his sublety as a political campaigner in the service of the nation.

Many of his former colleagues were unable

to see the necessity of the measure he introduced; some were of a type of mind that could not have seen it if the Prussian Imperial Guard was goose-stepping in Trafalgar Square. They intrenched themselves upon the unstormed heights of union rules and awaited his attack.

Lloyd George, too skilful to be drawn against such a barrier, marched by the flank and blamed all England's ills on — drink!

He broke the tension, he confused the issue. Followed Babel, and from Babel such a law is being enacted as the Czar of Russia has not decreed. Everybody is busy blaming everybody else, and they are working to an agreement to place the blame on the army, most of which has died fighting for a nation that had answered its warnings with insult.

It will take a strong combination of tact and firmness to make the law work without causing civil discord; indeed, at the moment of writing a strike of the South Wales coal miners threatens the nation with defeat.

However, the nation is on the right track

in handling the munitions question; that is, all of it excepting the Press Bureau.

The more serious problem which confronts the nation is the formation of an army large enough and at the same time efficient enough to meet the Germans in the open field.

Where small armies suffice it is evident that voluntary armies are better than armies trained by universal service, because the more adventurous volunteer and men not up to the physical requirements may be rejected, but where a substantial portion of the nation is needed for the war the voluntary system must collapse utterly, as it has in England.

In collecting a large volunteer army, men must be tempted in every way. They must be allowed to form special regiments of different classes, so that while one regiment may contain over one hundred men fit to be officers another regiment may contain less than ten.

Men of ages varying from twenty to forty may be in the same regiment and men from

the strongest to the weakest in physique may be put in the same regiment, with a result that a group of such regiments is worth about half as much as an equal number of men grouped according to the Prussian system.

Eyewitnesses who were present at the re-occupation of Peremysl by the Germans speak of the fact that the active troops occupied the fortress, and that as soon as it was in their possession the landwehr, or older men, took their places and the young men were again put in the field to attack.

In occupying fortresses and lines of trenches, middle-aged men are substantially as good as the youngest. Germany uses her middle-aged men for this kind of work, and the young men for active work.

Under the voluntary system, where old and young are mixed together, half regiments of young men are immobilized in fortifications, and regiments composed in half of oldish men are sent on long marches, with the result that half of each regiment is left on the roadside. It must be plain that the

latter form of organization can never defeat the former.

Let it be borne in mind that Great Britain has organized a voluntary army infinitely better than a voluntary army has ever been organized before, and has allowed less politics to interfere than had been thought possible.

It has exceeded every standard of a volunteer army that has ever been imagined, and yet has demonstrated just one thing — that a large voluntary army cannot compete with universal service troops.

How can it, when a major commanding 500 men has less military education than a sergeant commanding thirty men; yes, and often less military education than a private commanding only himself?

Kitchener's army has, therefore, done one great thing — it has shown that the whole military system of Great Britain must be revolutionized, and after such a system has been revolutionized the last year's training will pay for itself in measure in the new organization.

To send the present army to the continent to fight against a better organized, better trained German force, is to slaughter so many thousands of men without any possible chance of victory.

At this point the reader who is willing to credit my statement must think to himself:

"Then England is in a very desperate position."

So she would be if it were not for her navy, which is as efficient in personnel as it is powerful in numbers. It has met every test, and barring accidents, will continue to do so.

It is for Americans to bear in mind that we cannot expect to do better on land than Great Britain has done, and at sea, even if our naval authorities were free to conduct the fleet according to their best opinion, as they would not be, there are at least three naval powers that could wipe us off the seas.

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